

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 401.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1824.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Two Rectors.* 12mo. pp. 458. Lond. 1824. Longman & Co.

THIS is a work which we should have had no hesitation in ascribing to the pen of the Vicar of Nottingham, whom we assisted in rescuing from the wrath of the Archdeacon of Ely last year (see *Lit. Gaz.* June 14, 1823,) even though we had not the discrimination of John Bull himself to assure us of the same. We have no taste for controversy, much less for theological controversy; but when we see an honest and a fair attempt made to defend the principles of a great and enlightened part of the community in a manner that challenges attention by an agreeable style, fair deductions, and without the dogmatism that disgraces those who can tolerate no other opinions than their own, we feel called upon to give our assistance to the cause, particularly if a work of talent be concerned in it. We have expressed more than once, our doubts as to the wisdom of blending fictitious narrative with scripture truths: and our minds are only satisfied by the assurance that the current of public taste runs in this way; and therefore, that it is expedient, if not lawful, to seize upon those means which are open, and best calculated to enforce attention to the discussion of serious subjects: and this seems the object of the writer before us, who justly observes—"The public taste is entirely vitiated, and the reading community is divided into two parties; one that will not encounter a decidedly religious work for want of sober inclination, or lest they should fall upon the cant which has created so much disgust; and the other will not undertake to engage with a writer on a plain, useful, or scientific subject, unless a portion of religion be mixed with it to make the compound suitable to their sickly appetites; and authors, to be read at all, are compelled to conform, in some way, to the taste of the times, however they may lament the necessity that obliges them to make the compromise." p. 18.

This book, however, recommends itself by a laudable attempt to reconcile the two parties of the Church—prescribing to both the necessity of making a fair exchange of extravagant zeal on the one side, for lukewarmness on the other; and we feel persuaded the advice is good and practicable. "In all family disagreements (says the Preface, speaking of the Church,) there is usually blame on both sides, and unless one will bear with the other, and both make reciprocal concessions, peace can hardly ever be permanently established. In this case, the excesses of zeal and indifference must be cut off, that a medium may be left in which all may proceed in unanimity and love." To promote so good an end, we proceed to give an analysis of the work before us.

It consists of ten chapters, the first of which bears the name of "The Mail Coach," written in a light catching style, and describing the incidents in the journey of a Lon-

don Rector (Gordon) on a visit to a brother Incumbent in the country (Alworthy.) This, though amusingly easy and pleasant, leaves the reader at a loss to conjecture of what nature the work is on which he has entered; indeed, if he guesses at all, he must conceive that he has picked up a facetious volume, on the strength of whose humour he proceeds in it; but here lies the trap which the author has insidiously set to catch the unwary peruser, who is still kept struggling in it, through the following chapter entitled "The Book-seller's Shop," a paper written with spirit, but involving withal such weighty matters of consideration, that we shall not venture to notice them, as it would lead us into a field too wide and too much out of our road to travel: we shall therefore only, in passing, remark, that the Catalogue of Books set down for the formation of a lady's library is capable of great improvement.

The next chapter is that on "Social Inter-course," one of great interest, and, with one exception, the best, we think, in the volume. Its object is to show, which it does satisfactorily, that religious subjects ought not to be the constant themes of conversation in society, and that the attempt to form religious parties of amusement is open to the strongest censure. The writer displays here great acquaintance with the manners of serious society, and he combats the encouragement of it by a series of cogent arguments, enforced with all that calmness and tolerance that gives interest and earnestness to what he produces.

The next chapter is that of "The Missionary." Without entering upon the object at which it aims, in showing the errors of over zeal in the missionary cause, we shall only observe that it involves a tale of interest. Gordon, the visiting rector, mounted on his friend Alworthy's horse, rides into the country—

"My horse (says he) followed the path which seemed to lead to this retired haunt, and I determined to resign myself to his guidance. Coming shortly to the bottom of the little valley, I now lost sight and now caught a nearer and more distinct view of the cottage, until, at length, I suddenly came upon it. It was much prettier than any thing I had ever seen in real or ideal existence. The dark brown thatch, sloping down into large projecting eaves, cast a strong, deep shade over the modest and lowly walls that supported it—the neat casement windows, the rustic trellice-work around them, and the little porch forming a vestibule, covered with the straggling branches of a rose tree, full of its elegant, but scentless flowers; and in front, a small but clean-cut lawn, intersected by flower beds, along which the autumnal shrubs were diffusing their various beauties, while behind the cottage stood a venerable oak, spreading its wide, fantastic branches nearly over the whole of this little domain—the captivating quietness of this scene arrested my fancy, and I gazed on it with sensations of unmingled delight, with emotions that I never before had experienced.

This was not the effect of romance, for I never harboured in my mind any other than natural feelings for natural objects; but the beauty of the little scene, produced by no study, no artificial means to give it effect, carried in it a peculiar interest, and threw a placidity over my very soul, and I conceived, at that moment, more refined thoughts and purer reflections than had ever, previously, found an asylum in my breast. I heard, I saw nothing living or even moving around me, and having gazed upon it for some time, I, at length, turned from this retired spot, around which peace seemed to hold an undisturbed empire, and was just slowly proceeding on my return, when a female voice arrested my steps:—'Why,' said a young person of a most interesting aspect, but in a tone of deep sorrow, which rendered that aspect still more interesting, 'why will you not come in to-day? Oh! you know not how much we want you, and what joy it may yet occasion my poor, poor father.' While she spoke, her face was concealed by her handkerchief, and her utterance impeded by her uncontrolled grief. Seeing me about to turn back, she opened a little gate, formed of the dark pear boughs of the oak, and held it open for me as I alighted; but I cannot describe the sudden consternation when, looking at me, she first perceived her mistake. 'I beg your pardon,' said she, 'but I have made, I know, not how, an unhappy and a rude mistake; and yet (looking at her animal,) this surely is Mr. Alworthy's horse; are you, sir—?'

This turns out to be the daughter of a dying missionary who now conducts the stranger to his apartment.

"Here, sir," said she, "here is my father, whom I have been nursing so long, encouraging myself with the hope that he would be able, by the aid of God, to recover his health, and be the help and blessing of his unhappy child; but that hope has this day fled: only within the last hour has a fatal change taken place. As the Keeper is from home, and the boy, at him, neither his wife nor I could leave him to obtain assistance; not that any aid can avail, unless it be such as our good friend could have administered by his spiritual consolations and prayers.' The dying man, on our approaching him, scarcely moved his eyes: there was the stillness of death in every feature, and he riveted my earnest attention. His visage bore so strongly the marks of approaching dissolution, that I could form no conception what he had formerly been; his eyes were deeply sunk into his head and had lost all lustre; they were glazed and motionless by the chill of death; his jaundiced countenance was sharpened by the wasting of disease, and his mouth opened for respiration, but he was still in possession of his faculties. Though he turned not his eyes, nor made any bodily motion, yet he spoke a few words that broke abruptly from a whisper into a deep sepulchral tone of voice, and evidently mistaking my presence for that of Alworthy, he begged that I should pray with

him. His daughter had fallen on her knees beside him, in an agony of silent, deep devotion. The Keeper's wife was about to rise to reach me a book of prayers, but I stopped her, for I needed nothing beyond what sympathy dictated, and I performed the duty with all the feeling that a mind impressed with the solemnity and awfulness of such a scene could inspire. The sufferer was evidently moved; he raised his hands and clasped them on his breast. The convulsive sobs of his daughter did not distract him, yet he felt intensely, while a heavy cold damp hung upon his brow; and as I prayed,—"Lord, impute not unto him the follies, nor any of the errors of his life, but strengthen him in his agony; carry him safely through this last distress; let not his faith waver, nor his hope fail; let him die in peace, and rise to glory,"—he uttered a faint "Amen," and with a sigh resigned his spirit to the God who gave it. The Keeper's wife now motioned me to lead away the unhappy survivor; and after having afforded her time to vent her first grief I raised her, hardly more alive than he was, at whose feet she had fallen, and led her to the next apartment. I placed her upon a large easy chair, and without speaking, suffered her to indulge her sorrow. The Keeper's wife soon afterwards returned, and with her assistance, and by her suggestion, I helped to conduct the mourner up a narrow flight of stairs to her little chamber, on the bed of which we placed her, and left her to herself."

The next chapter is entitled "Patriotism," the aim of which is on the subject of politics, as well as religion, to bring contending parties to a compromise of excess of feeling. The great defect appears to us to be in making the two Red's agree on every point; for the chief interest of the book lies in the contrast of the opinions maintained by both these 'dramatis personæ,' and in eliciting from that contrast the medium which it is the object of the work to recommend.

We next come to the chapter on "Amusements;" the purport of which is to mark the limit to which public and other pleasures may be carried. The description of the establishment, the person, and the study, of a Country Squire, is amusing.

"As we approached towards the house, a simultaneous barking of all the canine greeted us from the kennel and stables, which brought up to the front door a servant who required no other summons, while a groom and his helper appeared at the same time to take our horses. We were immediately conducted forward to the dining-room, where a spacious table, was placed more than sufficient to assure us of our host's hospitality; and of the substantial manner in which he was accustomed to treat himself and his guests. Mr. Chace now made his appearance, and though not a young man, nor, indeed, an old one, he evidently piqued himself upon his dress, in which there was great propriety blended with a studied consistency. His broad brimmed hat was smoothly brushed; his fustian shooting coat fitted him to the greatest nicety, and though retaining every description of pocket, of various snug and handy dimensions, preserving, also, a shape that served to show, not only a fine manly figure, but the hand that fashioned it to have been of no ordinary superiority. His stout long leather gaiters, and well oiled thick shoes, showed him alike prepared to encounter hedge or ditch, wood or bog, in the pursuit of game. He received us with great civility

and kindness, and proceeded at once to call our attention to the good things before us, by making an attack upon a large joint of cold roast beef, which graced the bottom of the table; at the same time holding out to our view a variety of other articles placed on the sideboard, and placed there for the obvious reason of there being no room for them on the table, broad and ample as it was. I perceived, while Harrington was engaged in conversation with his friend, Alworthy's eyes turned upon the various pictures which hung around the apartment—masterpieces of art in perfect accordance with the taste of our host. There was over the chimney-piece an extraordinary well executed painting, representing the top of a small round table, covered with a coarse table-cloth, on which were placed a large loaf of bread with no ordinary quantity of kissing crust, a plate, a triangular indented piece of cheese, a homely knife and fork, a wooden salt-stand, a bottle of beer, and a long ale-glass filled with frothy, sparkling, transparent beverage. The bread and cheese were painted so naturally, that a hungry sportsman at mid-day might have been tempted to seize upon them: the light falling on the bottle and reflected on the cloth was so exquisitely delineated, that fancy could hardly question the reality; while the texture of the cloth, and the manner in which the knife and fork were raised upon it, could not but strike the most common observer. A larger picture, to the right, represented the interior of a larder, where hares, pheasants, and partridges, were hanging and lying in all positions, mingled, in wonderful confusion, among cabbages and cauliflowers, all painted so as to give undeniable proofs of the closest approximation to nature. On the left side was a sort of picturesque tea-urn, or tureen, filled with every description of flower, most artificially arranged, but each painted to the exactest truth. Over the side-board was a boar hunt upon a scale of frightful magnitude. On the other sides of the apartment were other large paintings, of stags at bay; of every sort and description of fruit, peaches of the brightest and roughest hue, plums with powdered bloom, and grapes, both white and purple, hanging in well-fancied, luxurious festoons: besides these, there was the head of a deer, as large as life, in the agonies of death, and several other horrors; while last, though perhaps, not least, in the estimation of the possessor, was the portrait of a vulgar-looking fellow, with close flaxen hair, small inflamed eyes, and a nose shaped and spotted like a pepper box, indicating by his rubricity the convivial turn for which he had probably been famed. Mr. Chace observing Alworthy's eye as it glanced by this picture, recalled his attention to it, by observing, "That is the strongest likeness I ever saw. It is Tom Gorsecrover, lord Bugle's huntsman, certainly the first rider and the best sportsman this country has ever seen; poor fellow, he was a little too much given to drink, or he might have been with us to this day: but there he still lives, for I assure you it is Tom all over!"

The laboratory or study is thus described:—"A more extraordinary place I had seldom seen. Alworthy could not help smiling as he entered this museum of confusion. Guns, single and double-barrelled, were in their rests, suspended one above another on the wall facing the door by which we had entered, while to a sort of bench beneath them was fixed a vice, accompanied with all the

implements of a gunsmith's shop. Locks of every description, some put together, others disjoined, screws, files, and hammers were scattered around; and upon a shelf, just over it, were ranged, rank and file, a battalion of empty powder canisters. The other side of the room was hung with whips, shot-belts, bridles, horse-shoes, curbs and snaffles, dog-chains and couples. Between the windows were shelves filled with books, among which Alworthy told me he saw 'Daniel's Rural Sports,' several works on 'Farriery,' a volume upon 'Horse and Dog Medicines,' 'The Holy Bible,' 'Somerville's Chase,' 'Burn's Justice,' very much fingered; and odd volumes of 'Acts of Parliament upon the Game Laws,' filled with paper stoppers. On a large table beneath, there lay nets of various kinds, balls of string, netting pins and needles, a roll of horse-hair, with quills, corks, shots, and artificial flies. Over the door, corresponding with the armoury of guns, were fishing-rods, horizontally suspended; whilst among a chaos of drawers, not one of which was wholly shut, there hung out papers and lines, nets and straps, forming altogether such a *mélange* as is rarely seen, but in the laboratories of working mechanics, antiquarians, and in pawnbrokers' shops. The guns were now taken down one by one, examined, and then brought quickly up, with a simultaneous closing of the left eye, to what a soldier calls 'the present,' by way of feeling how readily and easily they applied themselves to the shoulder. Both Alworthy and myself found it necessary to go through some of these motions, that we might not fall in the estimation of our host, who, after having cracked and snapped the triggers and locks of all of them in the order in which they were presented to us, and remarked upon the fineness of the touch, the beauty of the workmanship, and the excellency and infallibility of the principles on which they were constructed, now put a Forsyth into Alworthy's hands, one of which he had never before seen; and upon his enquiry, how it was that the use of the flint was thus totally superseded, Mr. Chace explained it, by showing him the process by which the priming was effected; still, as he saw no powder, he conceived no fire could either be produced or communicated; so that pulling the trigger boldly, the invisible detonating powder, being struck, gave a report, which led him to think the gun itself had been discharged, and he dropped it from his hands in a moment, to the hazard of infinite detriment to the piece. As, however, it suffered no injury from the fall, a laugh was raised at his expense, which he wisely turned, by laughing as heartily himself, while he instinctively withdrew from this magazine of combustibles, as if he apprehended detonating powder to be spread upon the floor, merely requiring the movement of his own foot to ignite and discharge."

The next chapter, entitled the "Keeper's Lodge," is the sequel of the tale of the Missionary's Daughter, bringing in the discussion of the doctrine of 'Faith and Works,' which is clearly explained. The chapter on "The Repentant Criminal" is founded on the late trial of the murderer, Thurtell, and in it the danger of the admission of a late repentance, whether on the death bed or the scaffold, is ably discussed, and the doctrine refuted. This is calculated to do much and efficient good. The "Church Service" is also a chapter that must be read with advantage; it points out, in a forcible manner, the necessity for



the perfect understanding of the Liturgy, for a decent behaviour in the house of prayer, and takes a glance at the popular mode of preaching in the present day.

The last chapter, however, entitled "The Departure," is decidedly the best. Here the two Rectors, though at first of different principles, are brought to espouse the same sentiments; and the story, which is carried through all the chapters, is brought to a conclusion. But the object of greatest interest in the chapter is the Vision of Judgment with which it terminates, a subject that has been attempted frequently in poetry without any very satisfactory result, from the want of that strong theological light in which it ought to be viewed. The author acknowledges that he has taken an occasional glance at the masterly sermon of Jeremy Taylor on Christ's Advent to Judgment. The subject itself is the most momentous, and it is here brought before the reader in all its awfulness and sublimity. The work, upon the whole, must be considered to be one of great utility, and written with taste and ability. There are many faults of a trifling nature, which we might point out; but as they are not very glaring, we shall not destroy the impression made upon us on reading the volume, by any enumeration of them.

*The Deserted City; &c. &c.* By Joseph Bounen. 12mo. pp. 216. London 1824. Longman & Co.

WITH title, subject, and measure, all recalling Goldsmith to our memory, it is no little praise to say we can think of the Deserted Village, and yet not turn from the Deserted City. With considerable command of language and of imagery, Mr. Bounen has drawn some striking pictures of the happier times of a large and opulent metropolis, eventually destroyed by storm. There are some good descriptions, both of the higher and lower scenes of life; but we think the passage depicting the fall of the city before her enemies is as fair a specimen as we can select of the author's powers:—

Thousands departed ere the morning rose,  
That saw the City traversed by her foes;  
'Twas the last day that shone upon her fame—  
The evening left her nothing but a name—  
That now resounds a warning word to all,  
Of the sure causes of a nation's fall.  
Who lived of her enslavers, fled the first—  
The hopeless—reckless—stay'd to brave the worst!  
In sullen hate upon the foe they gazed;  
And cursed the hostile flag that triumph raised;  
Borne by the very hands that oft before  
Had lost the trophies Urburgh proudly wore.  
In endless columns they advanced along,  
Safe in her weakness, and in numbers strong;  
Like the fierce torrent that the mountain pours,  
Tearing the ravaged vales through which it roars.  
The heavy tread of many thousand feet,  
Shaking the ground, past on from street to street;  
The tramp of steed follow'd the rumbling gun,  
And noon was glowing ere their march was done.  
The drums that peal'd their thunder on the air,  
Roll'd the last echoes of a land's despair;  
And the shrill trumpet's loud and piercing breath  
Burst on the fallen like the blast of death!  
Yes—there were bitter feelings none could speak—  
And proud men lik'd the wrath they could not  
wreak—  
And they whose hopes had with their country's  
Long'd for a look might turn that host to stone!  
The pride of manhood struggled with despair;  
And hands were clench'd as if a sword were there;  
And the last feeling of the soul was shame,  
That thus should set their country's star of fame.

Collected in one Square, a patriot band  
Held life's last struggle for their native land;  
Who, rather than behold her final woe,  
Would fight to save, or fall amidst the foe.  
How fierce—how fatal—in that spot, the strife!  
None would surrender—though the boon was  
life!

From every street that form'd an entrance there,  
The foe advanced to wedge them in despair:  
From every opening rending thunders pour'd,  
That, echoing round, in long loud volleys roar'd:  
Through living lines of men the bolts were  
hurl'd, [the world.  
Which, as they heard them, dash'd them from  
That post they held ev'n while they shed their  
blood;

Slaughter'd and crush'd in masses as they stood:  
The dead and mangled that around them lay,  
A rampart, seem'd to keep the foe at bay;  
Where muskets rested on some friend's cold form,  
Prolong'd the fierce, but unavailing storm.  
The iron shower in fatal fury flew—

The strife of wrath more wild and deadly grew;  
As the long rumbling tempest pours at last  
Its deepest rage in one collected blast!

Off! fell some shatter'd building's loosen'd wall,  
That whelm'd the dead and living in its fall—  
Off! the foe rush'd into the charnel square—  
As off! retiring, left their bravest there!

Still the last wreck of that determin'd band  
Braced every nerve to perish hand to hand!  
Then close they came, and vengeance had her fill,  
And life's last energies were rous'd to kill:  
And the hot breath was felt, (so near they drew)—  
As if the purple blast of poison blew.

There scarce was room to whirl the sword around,  
That rose to cleave its victim to the ground:  
While grappling, even in the pangs of death,  
They look'd the curse that fell with life's last  
breath. [to room,

From house to house they fought—from room  
And in those lordly mansions met their doom:  
Doors shatter'd—stain'd with blood—remain'd  
to tell

The tale of those who bravely fought and fell:  
And heroes dropp'd, life's crimson stream to pour  
Upon the richly decorated floor;  
And shouts and tumults in those chambers rung,  
Where nigh her veil o'er silent couches flung:  
Where once the concert pour'd its witching strain,  
Echoed the clash of swords, the groans of pain!  
Floors, where the joyous dance its mazes spread,  
Shook with the struggling warriors' heavy tread:  
Where elegance in golden luxury dwelt—  
Where every bliss of polish'd life was felt—  
The rage of slaughter breathed—the blows of  
death were dealt!

So oft some sweetly smiling, favor'd scene,  
Adorn'd with flowers, and ever cloth'd in green;  
Where ages past had smoothly roll'd away;  
Nor brought one freezing, burning, stormy day—  
Beholds at last a sudden tempest driven,  
Gather'd and borne upon the winds of heaven;  
That bursts with desolating force around,  
And strewn with wreck the lately smiling ground.

The day's last streak of light dissolved away;  
The strife was done—for none were left to slay!  
Of all that desperate, devoted band,  
Not one remain'd to move a hostile hand.  
Their patriot fire was quench'd—their duty o'er—  
The spark extinct that nothing can restore!  
And they were stretch'd upon the silent bier;  
The last—sole resting place, that waits us here.  
Though late so anxious—then it wrung them not  
Though war their nation from the earth should  
blot—

They died attempting to maintain her blest,  
Nor foe nor tyrant more could mar their rest.  
Their grave—that ground on which their faith  
they prov'd,  
Was still their portion in the land they lov'd.

This extract speaks for itself, and absolves  
us from the duty of complimenting the author  
on his successful cultivation of the Muse.

*Memoirs of India, &c.; designed for the use of  
Young Men going out to India.* By R. G.  
Wallace, Esq., Author of "Fifteen Years  
in India." 8vo. pp. 504. London 1824.  
Longman & Co.

The chief portion of this volume is a well  
digested geographical account of the East  
Indies, and history of Hindostan; compiled  
from the larger works which have appeared  
on these important subjects. The new matter  
consists of excellent practical advice, given  
by an experienced person, to young men  
whose lot in life it is to visit our Eastern  
Empire, either in civil or military capacities.  
To such these Memoirs are of infinite value;  
and as they treat of outfit as well as conduct,  
there is hardly a subject worthy of their  
consideration upon which they will not find  
in them, if not complete guidance, at least,  
the most useful hints.

From its miscellaneous contents we select  
a brief notice of Dwarka Pagoda, and places  
connected with it; respecting which no suffi-  
cient account (as far as we are aware) has  
ever yet been given to the public.

"Dwarka means the gate; it is a town,  
and celebrated temple in the province of  
Guzerat, situated at the south-west extre-  
mity of the Peninsula, called Kattywar, the  
point of which is named Okamundel, or the  
wild district. This place is at present pos-  
sessed by Mooloo Manick, who has twenty-  
one villages, containing a population of  
12,000 souls under him. Christna, the fa-  
vourite Hindoo deity, long resided here,  
both before and after his expulsion by Jara-  
sandha from Mathura. It is, therefore, a  
celebrated place of pilgrimage. About 20,000  
pilgrims arrive there annually, and the reve-  
nue derived to the temple, &c. amounts to  
18,000*l.* on an average every year.

"In performing this pilgrimage the follow-  
ing ceremonies take place. The pilgrim  
bathes, for which he pays a certain sum.  
He then visits the great idol, and makes  
offerings in proportion to his circumstances.  
Then he goes with a certificate, to a pagoda  
at Aramra, only a few miles distant, where  
he is stamped with a hot iron instrument, on  
which are engraved the shell, the ring, and  
the lotos flower, the insignia of the gods.  
The impression is generally made on the  
arms. At Aramra, the pilgrim embarks for  
the island of Bate, which is in sight, where  
he makes other offerings at a sacred temple  
there, and receives the final benediction.  
The Brahmans of India use the chalk of  
Dwarka for marking their foreheads. It is,  
therefore, a principal article of exportation,  
being supposed to have been deposited there  
by Christna. Merchants carry it all over  
India; and the Brahmans have a secret by  
which they can distinguish it from all other  
chalk, though similar in appearance. They  
can, in like manner, at all the temples in  
India, distinguish water brought from the  
sources of the Ganges, from any other.

"The Okamundel is separated from Katty-  
war by a run, or swamp, formed by the sea  
making a breach from the north-west shore,  
near Pindletaruk, and extending in a south-  
east direction, again almost connects itself  
with the sea at Muddee, which is about  
fourteen miles distant from Pindletaruk.  
The breadth of this channel gradually de-  
creases; at Muddee it is not more than a  
mile, and is separated from the ocean by a  
low bank, about fifty yards wide. The high-  
est spring tides flood the run to the depth of  
eighteen inches; at other times it is dry, in-

crusted with salt, and may be crossed with ease. From the earliest period of history, commerce and agriculture have been disregarded here by the inhabitants, who addicted themselves to piracy, and still persevere in the habits of their forefathers. They are of Wagar origin, having come, it is said, originally from Cutch. Their appearance is wild and barbarous. It may be said they live by plunder. In courage and enterprise they are not surpassed by any people of India. The reliance they place on their deities at Dwarka and Bate, inspires them with confidence to undertake any thing. Runchor, the god of Dwarka, is supposed to protect them while at sea. His priests are the chief instigators of piracy. Many vessels are fitted out in his name, as sole owner, and actually belong to the temple, which receives the plunder they bring back; as well as a part from all private adventurers. Recently, these predatory expeditions have been greatly restrained by the British naval power; but the inhabitants retain all their ancient propensity to the practice. In 1809 we compelled the chiefs of Dwarka, Bate, &c., to enter into treaties to restrain their subjects from acts of piracy; but since that period, expeditions have several times been sent against the pirates of Okamundel.

"Bate signifies an island of any kind, but the proper name of this small one is Shunkudwar. It derives this name from a Hindoo demon who lived here in a large shunk, or conch shell. An incarnation of Vishnu, called Shunknarraya, destroyed him, and established his own worship on the island, where it continued until the flight of Runchor from Dwarka, to escape a Mohammedan army. He is now supreme. Bate has one good harbour, and a fort so strong, that it resisted our naval attack in 1803, when the British lost a number of men before it. About 150 vessels of different sizes belong to the port of Bate. The town contains about 2000 houses, with a population of 10,000 souls; but besides the town of Bate, the government or chief of that island has Aramra, Positra, Bhurwalla, and some other places. The whole revenue does not exceed 30,000*l.* per annum, from the temple and all other sources.

"In 1816 I belonged to the field-force sent against the pirates of Okamundel. After rooting out several nests, we invested Dwarka, and the chief of that place was forced to surrender it. The town is small. It is surrounded by a weak wall and towers. An arm of the sea runs up along one of its faces, and forms a fine bathing place. The charms of this delightful sheet of water, which flows over sand so sparkling, that the bottom can be seen at all times, perhaps suggested the idea to some artful Brahman of establishing his worship here, under an incarnation of Vishnu. When the temples were built is quite unknown. Where the materials were procured is doubtful. The natives say they were built in one night by the gods. I could not obtain any information whatever respecting their early history, except such fables as my judgment pronounced absurd. They are, however, works of unquestionable magnificence; prodigious expense and labour must have been incurred in their erection. It does not appear to me that the antiquity of these pagodas is near so great as some others I have seen in India. There is a freshness about them which the great pagodas in the south of India have not.

Yet their antiquity is certainly great, and there is proof that they have existed nearly in their present state for upwards of 800 years. Bate was taken in 1462 by Sultan Mahmood Begra, of Ahmedabad, and at that time there were accounts of the Dwarka pagoda for 500 years back. The priests pretend that the original island of Dwarka sunk, when Christna was translated to heaven; and that their pagodas were built by the gods to keep up his worship, where they now are, but that they are not near so magnificent as the old pagodas. In their books it is pretended that they have accounts of the present pagodas for some thousands of years: in short, since the death of Christna. Krisnu was the eighth avatar, or incarnation of Vishnu. His era is not exactly known. Budha was the ninth avatar of Vishnu, and Sir William Jones was of opinion that he existed in the year 1014 before the birth of Christ.

"On approaching Dwarka, I was struck with the magnificent external appearance of the temples. Within the wall which surrounds the town there are two very large ones, and four much smaller. They stand on very elevated ground. One is an immense pyramid, at least 140 feet high, crowned with glittering balls, having a flag near the top, with a sun and moon. It is curiously carved from bottom to top, like the pagodas in the south of India, and composed of prodigiously large stones. There are seven stories in the pyramid, and two in the base on which it rests. The other great pagoda is not so high, but it is broader; the roof is carried up curiously, by one retirement after another, till it ends in a circular form, surmounted by a ball and flag. Round the outside of that temple, both above and below, there are curious galleries or virandas, which were crowded with Brahmans, who live in the upper part of the temples. The four small pagodas are pyramids, with flags, and glittering tops, but they are not very striking objects, compared with the two large temples. All these are built in the ancient Egyptian style of architecture. A handsome dome is put over the entrance to one of the pagodas, but I conceive this to have been a modern addition.

"You go from the bathing-place up to the temples by a long flight of stairs, and pass through a strong gate, when the whole at once breaks upon the sight with a wonderfully grand effect. Indeed the bathing-place is also an object of curiosity. It extends along the shore in front of the town for 400 yards, and there are noble flights of stone steps down to the water, which is so clear, that you can see the sacred fishes sporting about, quite tame, and feeding from the pilgrims' hands. Along the bank, below the walls of the town, there are hundreds of little temples in the Grecian and Egyptian styles, supported on pillars, to screen the pilgrims from the sun, and for the Brahmans, barbers, &c. to sit in, who prepare the devotees for visiting the idols.

"Runchor, the supreme idol, is on a throne in the great temple, and I could only see that he was gorgeously dressed, and covered with gold brocade. His face was frightfully painted, and he looked horrible amidst the glare of lamps that surrounded him in his abode, from which the light of day is excluded. In the other temples there are idols called Trincongee, Cullangee, &c. &c., which relate to the exploits of Runchor, if

my information be correct. I was nearly crushed to death by the pressure of the crowd. The great drums were beating; the trumpets were sounding; large conch shells were roaring; shrill instruments of music were heard in all directions; the Brahmans were praying aloud, and extorting offerings from the unwilling devotees, some of whom were most anxious to purchase their certificates at as cheap a rate as possible; the devotees were prostrating themselves, and muttering various dialects; and, in short, the whole was a scene of noise and confusion, which to be conceived must be experienced.

"We went afterwards to Aramra and Bate; but the temples are not worth description after Dwarka. Game is very plentiful in Okamundel. Hares, partridges, quails, foxes, &c., are numerous, with a wild hog starting from every cove. The camel breeds here, and thrives well on the various shrubs that grow into almost impenetrable jungles in many parts of Okamundel. It is said that there are wild camels in the jungles of Okamundel.

"It should be mentioned that the Dwarka pagodas are enclosed in a square, whose side is about two hundred yards, by a wall fourteen feet high, and of considerable thickness. Besides the great gate from the sea face, there are other small ones, which communicate with the town. I think there are about 1000 houses within the walls of the town, well built of stone and lime, with tiled roofs; but there is a petah, or suburb, near the bathing-place, which contains a great many people, and I think the population does not fall short of 10,000 souls. The town of Dwarka was taken by escalade by our troops in 1820; upon which occasion the pirates and Arabs, in the service of Mooloo Manick, took post in the pagodas, where they might have defended themselves for a long time. Their priests, apprehensive for the safety of the temples, persuaded the garrison to evacuate the sacred precincts, when our men were getting over the wall, after sustaining some loss. The Arabs and pirates then took post in a swamp, where they were surrounded, and forced to surrender by discharges of grape shot, but not till they had killed and wounded several of our officers and soldiers. To prevent the pirates from re-forming their forces, I understand there is a British detachment now stationed in the Okamundel."

*Illustrations, Critical, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of Novels by the Author of Waverley.* By the Rev. Richard Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts. 12mo. 3 vols. London 1824. Longman & Co.

In the *Literary Gazette* of June 21st last year, we reviewed the first volume of this publication, to which the reverend author has now, agreeably to his original intention, added two others. At that period, (see No. 335.) we expressed our dissent from some of his critical opinions, but gave him merited praise for the diligence and ability with which he had brought historical and other records to illustrate the prominent characters and events displayed in the Scottish Novels. Though in one of his pages he has been kind enough to compliment the *Literary Gazette*, (p. 368, vol. 3.) yet it does not appear that its opinions on these points have had any influence upon the new portion of his work, which is conceived in the same spirit with the old, and



only, as we think, more unjustifiably harsh in a few of its views and modes of expression. The Covenanters are prodigious favourites with Mr. Warner; and he suspects the Great Unknown of "that bland, narcotic Toryism, which, (like the bat lulling with its wings while it sucks the blood,) only requires to become general in a free country, in order to extinguish all popular affection for civil and religious liberty." Now, we really find no ground in any one of the novels or romances, for imputing such principles to their author. He has made true history subservient to his purposes, and led along his narratives with its real circumstances, as they have come handed down to posterity by documental authorities, and not as a partisan of any side, or as bending every motive, action, and event, to the perverted design of building up a system entirely in favour of that faction which it pleases the writer to espouse and support. But if we differ from Mr. Warner on these public grounds, we differ still more widely from him on some of his personal observations. In the very first page, for instance, of the new volumes, we meet with the following bitter remarks.

"Since the above paragraph was written, our indefatigable author has produced another novel, 'St. Ronan's Well;' a work, however, neither requiring nor deserving 'illustration.' It is the rickety offspring of a *sheer lucre speculation*, and bears about it all the marks of its sordid origin. As, like Junius, he has chosen to conceal his name, and is the 'sole depository of his own secret;' so, perhaps, (should he introduce to the public any farther productions of a torpid genius, or mercenary pen,) he had better, also, like Junius, 'let his secret perish with him.'"

The opinion we offered upon St. Ronan's Well was little more favourable than that expressed by Mr. Warner; but surely the sentiments we have just quoted are delivered in a measure neither justified by the offence of producing an inferior book, nor by the *mean character* of the (supposed) author, nor by the profession of the critic; and we may add, not at all in unison with the prevailing tone of his Illustrations. He, everywhere, allows the author to be possessed of the highest talents, of the most glorious gift of heaven—genius: when was true genius allied with meanness, or the mere lust of filthy lucre? Never! The Author of Waverley may have exercised that sound sense and extensive knowledge of the world, which it is evident he profoundly possesses, in obtaining a due proportion of that which his labours produce; but has he done any thing which should cause him to blush for the unfolding of his name and secret;—has he aught, like Junius, to be afraid of divulging;—is there not, on the contrary, a glory in the bare suspicion of his authorship, which the proudest in our literature would be delighted to share? Mr. Warner really speaks of St. Ronan's Well, as if whipping and the pillory were too slight punishments for having committed it to paper; but this is absurd; Homer nodded, and the work was a failure—needed there more severe animadversion than such simple mention? We think not.

But we turn from those parts in which we feel ourselves unwillingly opposed to Mr. Warner, to amuse our readers with what is infinitely preferable to controversy, a selection from his very agreeable Illustrations; only observing, by way of preface, that even those, to whom every extract he has adduced

may be familiar, will be entertained by the power and force they acquire, in consequence of being classed together and brought into one focus.

In illustrating the Monastery and Abbot, Mr. W. treats at some length on the euphuism which Lily made so fashionable, and thence digresses into the following:—

"But the effects of Lily's publications were only confined and temporary: their sphere merely included the fashionable classes, and their popularity did not outlive the time of Elizabeth. The stores of their own language were insufficient for the writers of that and the succeeding age: foreign compounds, classical derivations, and 'exotic terms,' still continued to be imported into the vernacular vocabulary; and Lily's hope of introducing an idiom, strictly English, among the literati of his country, was disappointed. In the reign of Elizabeth's successor, this affectation in writing, and, of course, in colloquial language, reached its acme. James the First, himself a pedant of no common stature, led the way in the march of fustian; an example which some of his admirers and followers carried to the extreme of inflation, bombast, and absurdity. Long, indeed, was the interval before English composition displayed good taste: nor did it acquire any thing like purity and perfection, till it had imbibed mellowness and harmony from Dryden; grace and ease from Addison; and severe simplicity from Swift.

"We shall conclude this article with two extracts; one from the celebrated work of King James First, entitled 'Daemonologie;' and the other from a publication of Sir Thomas Urquhart's, in the middle of the seventeenth century: the former, as a specimen, not only of the royal style, but of the size of James's intellect, and the depth of his logic; the latter, as an example of the quintessence of coxcomical composition:

"The fearful abounding at this time, (says the royal page,) in this country, of these detestable slayers of the devil, (the witches or enchanters,) hath moved me, beloved reader, to dispatch, in post, this following treatise of mine; not in any wise (as I protest) to serve as a show of my learning and ingene, but only moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many: both, that such assaults of Satan are certainly practised, and that the instrument thereof merits most severely to be punished, against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one, called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed, in public print, to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the errors of the Sadducees, in denying of spirits: the other, called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these craft-folks; whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to be one of that profession. And, for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books; the first speaking of magic, in general, and necromancy in special; the second of sorcery and witchcraft; and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits and spectres that appear and trouble persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work.' So much for the diction in which James enunciated his creed on this point; and for the mode by which he purposed to prove its verity. It seems, however, not to have suggested very mild proceedings, for

he declares 'that witches ought to be put to death, according to the law of God, the civil and imperial law, and the municipal law of all christian nations. Yea, to spare the life, and not to strike, when God bids strike, and so severely punish in so odious a fault, and treason against God, it is not only unlawful, but, doubtless, no less sin in the magistrate, nor it was in Saul's sparing Agag.' This strong conviction of its being the duty of a christian king to punish, capitally, the heinous offence of witchcraft, renders him somewhat blind to the forms and sanctions of constitutional law in his proceedings against them, for he lays it down, as his solemn opinion, that 'bairnes, or wives, or never so defamed persons, may serve for sufficient witnesses against them;' and that the evidence of these, otherwise incompetent, persons, may be quite satisfactory to the judges, he points out two methods by which it shall be fully corroborated, and the guilt of the accused, be ascertained beyond the possibility of mistake. "There be two good helps, (says he) that may be used for their trial: the one is the *finding of their mark*, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their *fleeing* (floating) on the water; for, as in a secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murderer; God having appointed that secret supernatural sign, for trial of secret unnatural crime: so that it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom; that they have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refuse the benefit thereof; no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them, as you please) while first they repent, (until they repent,) God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacy in so horrible a crime. Albeit, the women kind, especially, be able otherwise to shed tears on tears at every light occasion, when they will; yea, although it were dissembling like the crocodiles." Alas! poor ladies! But James was no great friend to the sex.

"The concluding exquisite morose is taken from a work of Sir Thomas Urquhart's, entitled 'Eksakubalawon, or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel, more precious than diamonds encased in gold; the like whereof was never seen in any age: found in the kennel of Worcester streets, the day after the fight, and six before the autumnal equinox, 1651.' The work recounts the actions and characters of several illustrious Scotchmen; and, among the rest, those of 'the admirable Crichton.' The author describes his hero as performing several feats; and personating a variety of characters before the Court of Mantua. He thus proceeds:

"Those fifteen several personages he did represent with such excellency of garb, and such exquisiteness of language, that condingely to perpend the subtlety of the invention, the method of the disposition, the neatness of the elocution, the gracefulness of the action, and wonderful variety in the so dextrous performance of all, you would have taken it for a comedy of five acts, consisting of three scenes, each composed by the best poet in the world, and acted by fifteen of the best players that ever lived; as was most evidently made apparent to all the spectators, in the fifth and last hour of his action, (which, according to our western account, was about

six o'clock at night, and by the calculation of that country, half an hour past three and twenty at that time of the year,) for, purposing to leave off with the setting of the sun, with an endeavour nevertheless to make his conclusion the master-piece of the work, he, to that effect summoning all his spirits together, which never failed to be ready at the call of so worthy a commander, did, by their assistance, so conglomerate, shuffle, mix, and interlace, the gestures, inclinations, actions, and very tones of the speech of those fifteen several sorts of men, whose carriages he did personate, into an inestimable *olla podrida* of immaterial morsels of divers kinds, suitable to the very ambrosial relish of the *Heliconian* nymphs, that in the *peripetia* of his dramatical exertion, by the enchanted transportation of the eyes and ears of its spectatundal auditory, one would have sworn that they had all looked with multiplying glasses, and that (like that angel in the scripture, whose voice was said to be like the voice of a multitude) they heard in him alone the promiscuous speech of fifteen several actors; by the various ravishments of the excellencies whereof, in the frolicness of a jocund strain beyond expectation, the logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and auricular spectators were, on a sudden, seized upon in their risible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected, in this extremity of agitation, that, to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influence of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady duchess chief maids of honour, by the vehemencies of the shock of those incomprehensible raptures, burst forth into a laughter, to the rupture of a vein in her body; and another young lady, by the irresistible violence of the pleasure unawares infused, not able longer to support the well-beloved burthen of so excessive delight, and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable extacy of an overmastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any life in her, than what by the most refined wits of theological speculators is conceived to be exercised by the purest parts of the separated *entelchies* of blessed saints, in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Meteorological Essays and Observations.* By J. F. Daniell, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 480. London, T. & G. Underwood.

THE pressure of important works published during the season must alone form an apology to our scientific readers for an apparent neglect of the very able work of Mr. Daniell, which has been too long lying on our table unnoticed. The increasing interest attached to Meteorological inquiries, by the recent establishment of a Society devoted to this branch of science exclusively, ought sooner to have called our attention to Mr. Daniell's labours, independent of the many important subjects connected with the study of Atmospheric phenomena. Indeed, we never remember a season, in this proverbially variable climate, more subject to all the vicissitudes of weather than the present. The quantity of rain fallen during the past Summer being almost unprecedented. And, although we do not mean to assert that weather wisdom is always certain, yet there are often indications of change, an

attention to which may be very advantageous, especially to the farmer. But, previous to offering our own explanation on this point, we beg to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Daniell.

After a very careful perusal of Mr. Daniell's work, the only defect we perceive in his Essays is that they are too scientific. His views respecting the constitution of the atmosphere evince a thorough devotion to the subject: and although some of his hypotheses may admit of controversy, they show not only a considerable degree of originality, but they are ably collated with the researches and observations of other meteorologists. We should, however, have felt greater obligation to the author if he had rendered the volume more popular, (which with his ability he might easily have done) by the addition of a few pages of *practical rules* for the observation of Meteorological Phenomena generally. We are well aware that scientific men too frequently despise all popular views of scientific questions, considering it as a species of degradation, to endeavour to simplify the mazy paths of philosophical research. The value of practical science in comparison with that which is purely theoretical, (or often merely hypothetical,) is, however, daily demonstrating itself in this country, by the rapid advancement of almost every branch of the Arts connected with Chemical science: and the utility of Meteorological researches can never be duly appreciated, till observations simultaneously made by a great number of accurate observers in different parts of the kingdom, have been condensed into a tabular form, so as to afford inductions for enabling us to judge, *a priori*, of atmospheric changes with tolerable precision.

Mr. Daniell, in his view of the constitution of the atmosphere, seems opposed to the opinion of chemical agency having any operation in meteorological phenomena: considering *mechanical* agency alone as quite adequate to produce the various changes observed. He considers our atmosphere to be made up of two distinct atmospheres—common air and aqueous vapour; but subject to an infinity of changes, from variation of temperature, and consequent expansion of volume. There is however an essential difference between the effects of temperature on dry air, and on aqueous vapour. The former remains permanently elastic at all known temperatures; whilst the latter becomes condensed into water by the abstraction of a portion of its constituent heat. And as this point of condensation is ever varying (owing to local causes operating on the atmosphere,) there is some justice in considering the aqueous atmosphere as a distinct body from the aerial atmosphere. It is singular, however, that the first law in the production of aqueous vapour should militate against Mr. Daniell's view in excluding chemical agency—the conversion of water into invisible vapour by the fixation of caloric (hence termed "latent heat,") and its disengagement, when vapour is again condensed into water, being obviously a *chemical*, and not a *mechanical* process.

Mr. D. justly ascribes the great changes induced on our atmosphere to the inequality of temperature on the Earth's surface. Thus: the vertical rays of the sun in the equatorial regions rarefying the air, and producing an ascending current towards the upper regions of the atmosphere, it is obvious that its place

must be supplied by the rush of an equal volume of air from the polar regions. Whilst, in order to maintain the equilibrium, the upper strata of warm air from the tropics will recede towards either pole, and thus produce a continuous current or wind, of more or less intensity, according to the declination of the sun in either hemisphere. This primary source of what is called "the trade winds" is, however, modified by the revolution of the Earth on its axis from west to east. Thus, the under currents of the atmosphere which would arrive at the Equator *vertically* (or due north or south,) if the Earth were at rest, become deflected into *SE.* or *N.E.* winds by the diurnal motion of the Earth. These *parent* winds are also greatly modified by the irregularities of the Earth's surface, being often deflected from their course by mountainous districts, and subject to great anomalies from the portion of aqueous vapour they contain, being chiefly abstracted by passing over very dry continents, while their volume is at the same time expanded. On the contrary, such of the polar winds as pass over a great extent of the ocean, become saturated with moisture, even before they arrive at the tropical regions, and thus produce the continued and heavy rains which fall within those latitudes at certain periods of the year.

The aqueous vapour which is carried up by the vertical currents of air over the tropical seas, is, also, no slight agent in the production of the atmospheric phenomena of both hemispheres. It occasions the formation of clouds in all the upper strata of the atmosphere. And if we were giving our own view of these phenomena, instead of conveying an abstract of that of Mr. Daniell, we should say the evaporation of water within the tropical regions, and its subsequent deposition (or decomposition) in the higher strata of the atmosphere as it diverges towards either pole, affords an adequate solution for other atmospheric phenomena besides the formation of rain, snow, or hail. There appears to be no other adequate source for the accumulation of the electric fluid in such a state of condensation as is manifested in the upper strata of the air, during the prevalence of thunderstorms, than by ascribing it to evaporation in the tropical latitudes. We must not however indulge in hypothesis, but proceed in concert with our author.

Mr. Daniell, after showing separately what phenomena would result, supposing the atmosphere to be simply a dry elastic medium; and another, if it were of *aqueous vapour* only, combines the two (as it really exists,) and proceeds with his inductions, which are no less creditable to his philosophical acumen than his perseverance. The labour and intensity of application requisite for the calculation of the numerous Tables which accompany these Essays, can only be appreciated by those who have devoted some considerable attention to similar pursuits.

The only portion of Mr. D.'s remarks that we can afford room to extract, are a few of the general laws or axioms he has submitted to the reader under the head of "Particular Phenomena of the Atmosphere of the Earth." These axioms are severally illustrated by brief remarks, but we can only admit the text, leaving our readers to apply their own illustration.

1. "The mean height of the barometer, at the level of the sea, is the same in every part of the globe.



2. "The barometer constantly descends in a geometrical progression for equal ascents in the atmosphere, subject to a correction for a decreasing temperature of the elevation.

3. "The mean temperature of the Earth's surface increases gradually from the poles to the equator.

4. "The mean temperature of the atmosphere decreases from below upwards, in a regular gradation.

5. "The barometer, at the level of the sea, is but very slightly affected by the annual or diurnal fluctuations of temperature.

6. "The barometer, in the higher regions of the atmosphere, is greatly affected by the annual and diurnal fluctuations of temperature. . . .

8. "The average quantity of vapour in the atmosphere decreases from below upwards, and from the equator to the poles.

9. "The condensation of elastic vapour into cloud, raises the temperature of the air.

10. "The western coasts of the extra-tropical continents have much higher mean temperature than the eastern coasts of the same continents. . . .

12. "In latitudes below 30, the winds always blow either from NE. or SE. towards the equator. . . .

14. "A current always blows in a contrary direction to the trade winds, at a great elevation.

15. "A wind generally sets from the sea to the land during the day, and from the land to the sea at night; especially in hot climates. . . .

18. "Between the tropics, the fluctuations of the barometer do not much exceed  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch; while beyond this space they reach 3 inches. . . .

24. "The variations of the barometer are less in high situations than in those at the level of the sea. (?)

25. "In Great Britain, upon an average of 10 years, the westerly winds exceed the easterly as 225 : 140. . . .

28. "Northerly winds, almost invariably, raise the barometer, while southerly winds constantly depress it. . . .

30. "The elasticity of aqueous vapour does not decrease gradually as we ascend in the atmosphere, in proportion to the decrease of temperature and density of the air: but the dew point remains stationary to great heights, and then suddenly falls to a large amount. . . .

33. "The apparent permanency and stationary aspect of a cloud is often an optical deception, arising from the solution of vapour on one side of a given point, while it is precipitated on the other.

34. "The quantity of vapour in the atmosphere in the different seasons of the year, measured on the surface of the Earth, follows the progress of the mean temperature.

35. "The pressure of the aqueous atmosphere, separated from that of the aerial, generally exhibits directly opposite changes to the latter.

36. "Great falls of the barometer are usually attended by a rise of temperature above the mean heat of the season: and a great rise of the barometer by a depression of temperature."

We have omitted nearly one half of the 36 axioms, considering them as sufficiently trite and well known without enumeration. We may also remark, that although these positions are generally borne out by the facts and observations appended to each; yet they are not conclusive as to the favourite theory

of the author with regard to *mechanical agency*. The fact of "the dew point remaining stationary at great heights," proves also that the electric fluid, light, or some other powerful agent, operates to make the water retain its latent caloric, and continue in the state of elastic vapour longer than we might, from theory, expect would be the case. If "the quantity of vapour in the atmosphere follows the progress of the mean temperature,"—why should it not follow the same general laws as temperature and density (as we ascend in the air,) in suffering condensation by some constant ratio:—either in an arithmetical or geometrical series?

The only point that remains to be noticed is the amount of the Lunar influence in atmospheric phenomena. Mr. Daniell seems to estimate this agency as a minor consideration: we are however of opinion that it forms a considerable feature in the production of atmospheric vicissitudes.

Before we conclude our observations on the very able work of Mr. Daniell, we beg leave to recommend his remarks 'On the Radiation of Heat' to the especial notice of our scientific readers. His new hygrometer, also, we think a very beautiful and accurate mode of determining the humidity of the air, and one that must form a valuable adjunct to the barometer in the hands of Meteorologists; though it is rather too delicate in its construction for ordinary observers. We must also beg leave again to remark, that if Mr. D. should be called on for a second edition, we hope to find some *Addenda* of a popular or practical nature, which would, in our opinion, greatly enhance the value of his labours.

#### ELLIS'S LETTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

(Second Volume concluded.)

PURSuing our extracts from some of those genuine and striking pictures which Mr. Ellis has resuscitated in these excellent volumes, we begin with a whimsical example of clerical obedience, instanced in a letter from John Foster, a priest, to Lord Cromwell, which "was evidently written immediately after the Parliament of 1539 had passed the Act of 'The Six Articles,' more usually called 'The Bloody Act.'

[A notion had gone forth that Priests might marry, and numbers of the clergy had seized the opportunity of choosing for themselves a helpmate, without dreaming that they should subsequently incur a penalty of the severest kind. Even Cranmer had taken to wife the niece of Osiander, an eminent divine of Nuremberg.

Cranmer, with all quietness, sent his wife back at once to Germany. But John Foster, who moved in a lower rank of the priesthood, the writer of the present letter, not only dismissed his wife to her friends at the distance of three score miles, but hastened to the Vicar-general, confessed how ill he had understood the word of God, complimented his Majesty's more erudite judgment, and sued for the royal pardon.]

"In my most humblest wyse, I beyng not so bold as to appere before youre Lordshyp untill your pleasure ys knowyn, feere sett appart, nede compellythe me to wrytt. Thys last Lentt I dyd no lesse then wrytt, and also to your presence I dyd approche, suyng for your lordschypys gracyous servyce; but now my sute ys muche other, for my dysfortune hathe byn to have conceyvyd untruly Goddys worde, and not only with yntellectyon to have

thought yt, but exteryally and really I have fullyllyd the same; for I, as then beyng a preste, have accomplechyd maryage; nothyng pretending but as an obedyent subyeet. For yf the Kyngys Grace could have founde yt lawfull that prestys might have byn maryd, they wold have byn to the Crowne dubbyll and dubbyll faythfull, furst in love, secondly for fere that the Rysshope of Rome schuld sette yn hys powre unto ther desolacyon. But now by the noyse of the peopull I perseyve I have dunne amysce, which saythe that the Kyngys erudyte yugement with all hys cowncell temperall and spyrytuall hathe stableschyd a contrary order, that all prestys schalbe separat by a day; with which order I have contentyd my selfe; and as sone as I herd it to be tru, I sentt the woman to her frendys iij. score myls from me, and spedely and with all celerity I have resorted hether to desyre the Kyngs Hyghtnes of hys favor and absolucyon for my amysce doying; praying and besechyng your Lordschypys gracyous cmfortt for the optaynyng of hys gracyous pardon: and I schalbe your bounden servaunt yn hartt and also yn contynnual servyse yf yt schall please your gracyous lordschyp to acceptt duryng my lyfe: wrythyn the xvij. day of June.—Your bounden for ever,  
JOHN FOSTER."

The annexed passage in a letter from Sir Thomas Elyot, pleading for rewards for his long and laborious services, displays the *bonhomme* in a droll manner:

"In this unthankfull travayle I no thing gate but the Colike and the Stone, debilitating of Nature, and almoste contynuell destillations or rewmes, ministres to abbreviate my lif; which though it be of no grette importance, yet some wayes it mought be necessary."

This reminds us of the Great Unknown's quaint trait of character, when the Scotch peasant is regretting his Lord's death in consequence of the rebellion. "They took off his head at London. They say it was na' a very guid ane; but it was a sair loss to him, pur fallow!"

Nicholas Wotton and Richard Berde were the persons deputed to negotiate Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne of Cleves; and a letter of the former (though much injured by the fire which destroyed so many of our records at Westminster) conveys some striking information on the (then) manners of Germany. He says—

"As for th'education of my sayde Ladye, she hathe from her childehode (lyke as the Ladye Sybille was, tyll she wer maryed, and the Ladye Amelye hathe ben and is) ben brought up withe the Ladye Duchesse her mother, and yn maner never from her ellebow, the Ladye Duchesse being a wyse Ladye, and one that verie streytelye lookithe to her children. All the gentylmenne of the cownte, and other that I have askyd of, rapporte her to be of verie lowlye and gentyll condicions, by the whiche she hathe so muche wonne her mothers favor, that she is verie lothe to suffer her to departe from her. She occupieth her tyme moste with the nedyll, wherewithal she . . . . . She canne reede and wrytte her . . . . . but Frenche, Latyn, or other langaigeshe . . . . . one nor yet canne not saynge nor pleye upon onye instrument; for they take it heere yn Germanye for a rebuke and an occasion of lightnesse that great Ladyes shuld be lernyd or have enye knowledge of musike. Her wytte is so goode, that no doubte she wille yn a shorte space lerne th'Englishe tongue, when

so ever she puttethe her mynde to hit. I cowde never heere that she is ynclined to the good cheere of this Cowntrey, and merveyll it wer yf she shulde, seinge that her brother, yn whom yet hit wer sumwhat more tolerable, dothe so well absteyne from hit. Your Graces servante Hanze Albein\* hath taken th'effigies of my Ladye Anne and the Ladye Amelye, and hathe expressyd their imaiges very lyvely.

"Written at Duren the xij<sup>th</sup> daye of August A. Dni. 1539."

In a letter from the Princess Elizabeth to her brother, King Edward, we have a good example of the highest style of that era. She is sending her portrait, and says it is

"A thinge not worthy the desiringe for it selfe, but made worthy for your Hightnes request. My pictur I mene, in wiche if the inward good mynde towards your grace might as wel be declared as the outward face and countenance shal be seen, I wold nor have taried the commandment but present it, nor have bine the last to graunt but the first to offer it. For the face, I graunt, I might wel blusche to offer, but the mynde I shal neuer be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the pictur the colors may fade by time, may giue by wether, may be spotted by chance; yet the other nor time with her swift winges shal ouertake, nor the mistie clondes with ther loweringes may darken, nor chance with her slippy fote may ouerthrow. Of this althogh yet the profe coule not be grete because the occasions hath bine but smal, notwithstanding as a dog hath a daye, so may I perchance have time to declare it in dices wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shal most humbly beseeche your Maiestie that when you shal loke on my pictur, you will wysse; to thinke that as you haue but the outward shadow of the body afore you, so my inward minde wissheth that the body it selfe wer offere in your presence; howbeit because bothe wayes so beinge I thinke coule do your Maiestie litel pleasur, thogh my selfe great good; and againe because I se as yet not the time agreeing therunto, I shal lerne to folow this sainge of Orace, § Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest."

The report of the commissioners sent in the royal name (of Edward vi.) to enforce the Protestant faith on the Princess Mary, shows her to have been very firm and spirited. Near the conclusion they relate—

"The Lady Mary's Grace sent us to speak with her one word at a window. When we were come into the Court, notwithstanding that we offered to come up to her chamber, she would needs speak out of the window, and prayed us to speak to the Lords of the Council that her comptroller might shortly return. For, said she, since his departing, I take the accounts myself of my expences, and learned how many loaves of bread be made of a bushel of wheat: and I wis my father and my mother never brought me up with baking and brewing. And, to be plain with you, I am weary of mine office, and therefore if my Lords will send mine officer home, they shall do me pleasure; otherwise if they will send him to prison, I beshrew him if he go not to it merrily, and with a good will, and I pray God to send you to do well in your seales and bodies too, for some of you have but weak bodies."

\* Hans Holbein.  
† vouchsafe.

† prevented.  
† Horace.

Our next extract explains itself; and is a fine description of ancient manners—

"Thomas Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, from Edinburgh, July 31st, 1565; giving an Account of the Marriage of the Queen of Scots to Lord Darnley."

"I dowte not but your H. hath heard by such information as I have geven from hence, what the present state of this Countrie is; howe thys Quene is nowe become a mariid wyfe, and her howsbande, the self same daye of his marriage, made a Kinge."

"Theie wer married with all the solemnities of the popyshe tyme, savinge that he had not the masse; his speach and tawlike arguethe his mynde and yet wulde he fayne seem to the worlde that he were of some Religion. His words to all men agaynst whom he conceaveth anye dyspleasure, howe unjust soever yt be, so prowde and spyiefull, that rather he seemethe a monarche of the worlde, then he that not long since we have seen and knowne the Lord Darye. He lookethe nowe for reverence of maynye that have lytle will to gye it hym, and some ther are that do gye yt that thinke hym lytle worthy of yt. All honor that maye be attributed unto anye man by a wyf, he hath yt whollye and fullye; all prayse that maye be spoken of hym he lackethe not from her self; all dignities that she cane indue hym with, are all reddie given and graunted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth the not hym. And what may I saye more, she hath geven over unto hym her whole wyll, to be ruled and gnyded as hymself beste lykethe. She cane as myche prevaille with hym in any thyng that is agaynst hys wyll, as your Lordship maye with me, to perswade that I sholde hange myself. Thys laste dignitie, owte of hande to have byne proclaimed Kinge, she wolde have had yt dyffered untill yt were agreed by Parlemeute, or had byne hym self of xxj. yerres of age, that thyngs done in hys name myght have the better autoritie." He wolde in no case have yt dyffered one daye; and either then or never. Whearupon thys dowte is rysen amongste our men of lawe, whether she beinge cladde with a howsbande, and her howsbande not xxj. yerres, anye thyng withoute Parlemeute cane be of strengthe that is done betwene them. Upon Saturdaye at after none these matters were longe in debatinge, and before theie were well resolved upon, at ix. howers at night, by iij. herauldes at sonde of the trompet, he was proclaimed Kinge; thys was the night before the marriage. This daye, Mondaye, at xj. of the clocke, the Lords, all that were in thys towne, ware present at the proclaiminge of hym agayne; when no man saide so myche as Amen, savinge hys father, that cried owte alowde "God save his Grace."

"The maner of the Mariage was in this sorte. Upon Sondaye in the morninge betwene v. and vi. she was convoie by divers of her nobles to the Chappell. She had upon her backe the greete murning gown of blacke, with the greafe wyde murning hooide, not unlyke unto that which she woore the deathfull daye of the burrial of her howsbande. She was leade unto the Chappell by the Earles Lenox and Athall, and ther was she lefte, untill her howsbande came, who also was convoie by the same Lords. The ministers, prests, ij. deep, ther receive them. The banes are asked the thyrd tyme, and an Instrument taken by a Notarie that no

man saide agaynst them, or alleged anye cause whye the mariage myght not proceed. The words were spoken. The rings which were iij. the middle a riche diamonde, were put upon her fynger. Theie kneele together, and maynye prayers saide over them. She tarrith the owte the masse; and he takethe a kysse and leavethe her ther, and wente to her chamber: whether within a space she followethe, and ther beinge required according to the solemnitie to put off her care, and leave asyde those sorrowfull garments, and geve herself to ane pleasanter lyf, after some prettie refusall, more I beleve for maner sake than greif of harte, she suffreth them that stode by, everie man that coule approve, to tayke owte a pyne, and so beinge commytted unto her Ladies, changed her garments; but went not to bedde; to signifie unto the worlde that yt was no luste moved them to marrie, but onely the necessitie of her Countrie, not, yf God wyll, longe to leave yt destitute of an heire. Suspicious men, or suche as are geven of all thyngs to mayke the worst, wolde that yt sholde be beleved that they knewe eache other before that theie came ther. I wolde not your Lordship sholde so beleve, the lykelyhoods are so great to the contrarie that yf yt were possible to se suche an Acte done, I wolde not beleve yt. After the marriage followethe the commonly cheare and dancinge. To their dynner theie were convoie by the whole nobilitie. The tromperts sonde, a larges cried, and monie throwne aboute the howse in great abundance to suche as were happe to gette anye parte. Theie dyne bothe at ane table upon the upper handle. Ther serve her these Earles, Athall shewer, Morton carvar, Crayford, cupbearer. These serve hym in lyke offices, Earles Eglens, Cassels, and Glancarn. After dynner theie dance awyle and retir them selves tyll the hower of supper, and as theie dynd as do they suppe: some dauncing ther was and so theie goe to bedde."

Among other letters we observe one from Bishop Grindal, who was one of our earliest horticulturists. His grapes at Fulham are stated by Strype to have been esteemed of that value, and a fruit the Queen stood so well affected to, and so early ripe, that the bishop used every year to send her Majesty a present of them. In a postscript to this letter of 9th Sept. 1569, the Bishop himself mentions them, and says, "My Grapes this year are not yet ripe; about the ende off the nexte weeke I hope to sende some to the Queen's Ma<sup>ty</sup>."—i. e. about the middle of September.

A few letters now present themselves, illustrative of the feelings of some of Queen Elizabeth's subjects when they heard that her Majesty had vouchsafed to honour them with a visit during her Progresses: from which it will be readily gathered how inconvenient to many these Progresses must have been. The chronological order which has hitherto been strictly observed in these volumes, is a little trespassed upon here, that the various letters on the same subject may be brought together.

Lord Keeper Bacon, it will be seen, rejoiced much at the report that her Majesty intended him so great an honor; but owned himself quite a novice in receiving Royalty.

The Earl of Bedford thought two nights and a day quite sufficient for the visitation at Woburn; and hinted to Lord Burghley that he had made preparation for no longer time.

\* "approvers" was the term for friends and followers.  
† sewer.  
‡ Crawford.  
§ Elgin.



Archbishop Parker was one of the few who seemed thoroughly pleased at one of these intended visits. A thought struck him to make it subservient to the promotion of the Protestant religion. His letter will be read with peculiar interest.

Lord Leicester writing to the Earl of Sussex in 1577, says, 'We all do what we can to persuade' her Majesty 'from any Progress at all.'

It is quite evident that the Queen was fickle: and frequently gave but short notice of what part of the country she chose to visit.

Lord Buckhurst, who expected to receive her Majesty at Lewes in 1577, was so forestalled, in respect of provisions, by other noblemen, in Sussex and the adjoining counties, that he was obliged to send for a supply from Flanders.

When Mr. Hickes, Lord Burghley's Secretary, was married, the Queen hinted that she would honour him. Hickes wrote to a friend at Court to ask the Lord Chamberlain what preparation he should make, evidently fearing the expense. The Lord Chamberlain's advice was, to go out of the house and leave it to the Queen. He simply wished that Mrs. Hickes should present her Majesty with some trifling present. - - -

It is not generally known, that much as these visits sometimes put the Queen's subjects to expense, the cost of them to the public Treasury was also a matter of deep concern. Lord Burghley's calculations upon this subject, fairly amounting to a remonstrance, are still extant.

Among the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the Museum, Num. 16. art. 52. is 'An Estimate of increase of Chardgies in the time of Progresse which should not be if her Majestie remeynid at her Standing Howses within xx. myles of London; collected out of the Cnarrations of the last Progresse Anno xvi. Regine Elizabeth.' A.D. 1573. It is altered and corrected in Lord Burghley's hand. The increase of charges caused by the Progress appears to have amounted in the whole to 10344. *ls. 6d.*

Lord Burghley, it is probable, would have been personally glad if the Progresses could have been altogether dispensed with. The Queen's visits to him were extremely frequent. His Lordship's treatment of the Queen's suite when she went to Theobald's, seems not to have been generally acceptable to the visitors. In more than one letter we find the writers vexed when they learned they were to go there.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Stanmore, or the Monk and the Merchant's Widow.* By Sophia Reeve.\* A Novel, in quite the spirit of the old school of mysteries, wonders, and discoveries; but whose good language, and rather amusing story, may claim a very respectable place on the shelves of a circulating library.

*Rodolpho, a Poem, and Forty Sonnets.*\* One of the thousand and one volumes that come forth no one knows why, and depart no one knows whither, that, like the flight of an aimless arrow, hit no mark and leave no trace.

*The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah, a Poetical Romance, in ten Cantos,*† though stoutly vouched for in a preface, by M. M'Dermot, Esq. (a gentleman whose writings show him to be no incompetent judge,) does not

\* G. and W. B. Whittaker. London 1824.

† By M. P. Karaagh. 8vo. p. 379. Sherwood & Co

impress itself upon us as superior to the Faerie Queene of the immortal Spenser. Elisions, obsolete words, and ancient phraseology, will not recommend a poem of four hundred pages to popularity, even though we grant what the present does possess, very considerable poetical feeling and talent.

*Ossian's Hall* "embellished" (says the title page) with two engravings, is a sort of enthusiastic commentary upon some of Ossian's poems, with extracts. As for the embellishments, they are sad affairs: the first represents poor Ossian in a tartan night-gown thrumming on the harp; while a sentimental-looking young lady listens to him in a costume which would not excite surprise in London A.D. 1824., and two fully equipped Highland heroes occupy the distance. These are shocking anachronisms: and the second, a landscape, where "Ossian dwelt," with a Summerhouse of Grecian architecture, does not redeem the inventor. The text, however, agrees with the pictures; for we are told, "Now behold warriors and their mistresses walking over silent hills: how touching the expression of their concentrated affection."—*Eheu jam satis.*

A Diagram illustrative of the Formation of the Human Character, suggested by Mr. Owen's *New View of Society*; comes, we suspect, from the worthy projector of New Lanark all over the world himself. It consists of six variously coloured concentric circles of increasing breadths, meant to represent—1. (or inner circle) the influence of circumstances and objects during childhood, such as the disposition and management, of parents, nurses, servants, &c.; 2. the influence of scholastic discipline, &c.; 3. the religion and particular sect; 4. the class of society—the higher, the middle, or the lower; 5. the profession or trade; and, 6. the institutions of the country, but more especially the laws of property. That all these have great influence in the formation of character is sufficiently clear; but we confess we need the aid of another coloured halo for the formation of a superior intelligence, in order to enable us to comprehend the whole of Mr. Owen's illustration. We can discover, however, both good sense and philanthropic intentions in many parts of his theories; and we regret that the impracticability, and if practicable the undesirableness, of his *New View*; should cause the world generally to overlook and laugh at its better points.

‡ London, Hatchard & Son. 8vo. pp. 32.

‡ Lond. Wheatley and Aldar; Edinb. Bell & Bradfute.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Too the Hediter off the lityr Gazet.*

Sur tho i ant much off a scollard i sumtims reeds the lityr gazet as u cauls ure noospapur off a satterdy nite i mus say i dont aulus understand are meenin cans it ant aufen gott nothink to doo with ower bisnis howsewer wen i meets with them things abowt the old saler and sitch lik it maks my pott off Bear go down much plesenter for a mus no sur as ive a sun ass asum a tite lad ass ever stept in lethor tho i sez it thats is father as went out to thee west hinges an now sarves abord a kingship an wen he cums hom he tels uss just sitch rum storys as the old saler and so u se i understands a mort o them owtlandish se frazes an wen i smoks my pip off a nite them storys amoozs me verry much wel wen i tak up ure last numbr i was verry much sirprizd to

se a hartikul abowt owr trade sind littel hamer i suppose thatt ant the riturs rite nam but wether or no he sems too bee a grate niny hamer an dont no no more off owr bisnis than a babbon so i mad up my mind too lett u no abowt it caus i taks u to bee a goodish kind off a chap ass wont mind takein a int wen ure rong wel then first & fourmust he sez he wanders wy the grate an non wich i suppose is mistur Scot ant discribed a smithshop in sum off is novls as they cauls um wy Mr hediter i ant much tim for reedin as u ma suppose as owr ows is sics too sics an if were verry bizzzy overtim besids but im shoort thars a discripshun off a smithshop in wun off them novls an i tel u hou i appens to no it my wif u mus no is a bitt off a brimatum but thats nether heer nur thare every ooman as hir falt an batein thatt my missus is ass good an ooman as evur need bee an aulus as things cumfurbtuff off a nite wen ive dun wurk an so i dont mind hir tempur any wen shes in hir tantrums i keeps owt off the wa wel wen them novls was fust put out awl owr nabers was a taukin off um an my missus wanted too no wat they was abowt so of she setts too Widder Potts as keeps the stashnners shopp clos by an lends a site o buks too reed wich they cauls a sirklatin libry an thar she getts the novl i thinks twas the fust as mistur scot rote as was cauld waverly an so shes begun to reed it owt ass shes a better scollard nor mee an shes red an red til shes cum too that part ware the discripshun off the smithshop is the mans nams muki samthink or other an thur u no is wif cums in an givs im a good bloin up wel wen she cum too thatt part i cant elp lafin tho u mus no i wisht the dore was between uss shes thant the capp fited & so shes floo in a devl off a pashun an swore id told mister scot hou she ud mee the thar want a wurd a trooth in itt so help me boh so u see mister hediter im shoort thars a discripshun off a smith shop in wun off them novls an wats moar i thant for my part it was a verry natrall wun so as too ure korrispondant i think ive partly sarved im owt wel then to go on abowt owr bisnis as i told u he dont no nothink abowt it lor mister hediter wun wd think he was a ritin abowt a fowndary cans most off us smiths works from bar iern an that ant mishapen and uncooth whatever a hauther mabee an thar flin too findars wee shud be fools to manig it so wel then he tauks abowt bigg hamers and lesser mawls wat he meens i dont no but this ino wee smiths dont aufen wurk mor nur too sleges and a and hamer to wun job and then the and hamer mak too stroks for evary wun off itch slege so hou can thatt bee a sirkil littel hamers goin ding dong i dont understand abowt the mity toms and thare ajunx but iff he meens old tom wat sum off wee smiths drinx a good dele off im shoort wen a man works and over the fier that ant the stuf to harm many as he sez tho i ant shoort is spelins quite rite the nex pairigraff ant sivil a riter didnt aut to say a smith stine lik a verry devl tobe shoort wen a man swet lik a bul he dont amel off lavander but hon can we help the lika off thatt but lor sur wat a blunder cums next if ure ierns to ave a sekand heat hoo the dickins wd go for to squensh it in cold wauter to go bak agen to the beginin he sez in Scotland they cauls a smithshop a study wy wen i went to owr parson abowt krisenim my last yung un the sarvant man told me hee was in his studdy an that ant no more like owr shopp nor chauck is too chees besids it tel u another think last miki-mas a twelv muth wen i workd for mister

rymer befor i set upp for miself hee had a grate contrac jobb in Scotland an he sent mee down thare about it so i no they dont caul a smithshopp a studdy but wat they cauls a studdy is what we cauls a havel an i was a taukin about thare is tuther nite to tim factor the exisman as cum to owr clubb at the horsshoo and maggy tim u must no bein in the exis is a bitt off a seollard an besids was wuns a sort off a seen shiftur at a plahus as they cauls um an nos about things and he thinks him ass good ass a dicsmerry and hee sez as hou mister shakespeer as gott summum in his buk tim wuns shod it mee abowt full cannus stithy wich hee sez is the sam as studdy in scotch and ure korrespondant aut to no this as he hade is futin no dont with a full cann on the stithy an i ony ope tho he dont seem tobbee kann the wisur for itt that he shelled out like a man an did nott sufer himself to gett into a browa studdy abowt the los off the tipp

I am sur ure umbi sarvant to kumand,

THOMAS TONGS,  
Smith and farrer, haags bels and  
mend al kind off komon and  
pattant lox.

If u puts this here in ure noospapur i ope n wont put my propper nam for fear my old ooman shud see wat ive sed abowt her.

I opes ul exqse the liberry ive took i loks ure noospapur it dont aufen go rong an i thinks awl ure reeders aut to elp to kep u rite.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR OCTOBER.

When the Sun was imagined to be an immense globe, or ball, in a state of combustion, Comets were supposed to be bodies of fire performing their revolutions round him, and returning periodically to supply the waste of the solar heat; and Sir Isaac Newton computed the heat of the Comet of 1680, when nearest the Sun, to be 2000 times greater than that of red hot iron, and that it would retain its heat should its period be extended to 20,000 years. These ideas are now entirely exploded, and modern astronomers have pretty well determined that the Sun is an opaque habitable globe like the planets, but shining by its own light proceeding from a luminous atmosphere which surrounds it; and the spots which occasionally appear on the disc are parts of his body appearing through that atmosphere at some particular places where it is more rare than at others. The warmth which we derive from the Sun is occasioned by the rays of his luminous atmosphere mingling with that of our Earth. The nature and design of Comets, however, is but very imperfectly known, though they are likewise supposed to bear resemblance to the other planetary orbs, but surrounded by a luminous atmosphere like the Sun, and generally attended by a train of light inclined towards that luminary. Their revolutions are performed in very long ellipses, but few have been determined with any degree of accuracy. Some move according to the order of the signs; others have a retrograde motion, and nearly the whole of their orbits have a considerable inclination. Cometary Astronomy has lately occupied much of the attention of scientific men in various parts of the world, and different opinions have been formed as to their use; but this, we fear, must always rest upon conjecture. The Divine wisdom is manifest in all the works of the Creator; and probably Comets are links in the chain of the grand whole to connect our system with others, revolving round their own centre, though invisible to us. In the Comet of January last, an amateur at Prague made some remarkable observations on the appearance and disappearance of the spots on the Sun's disc. A phenomenon something similar has occurred during the visit of the present one, though at this time there are several spots visible, which have been continually varying. Similar observations have been made by Herschel and others during the stay of former Comets, and there can be but little doubt that they have some connexion with each other. Such appearances have also been noticed as the prelude to extreme sultry weather in our planet. Two spots were observed on the northern disc, one of which totally disappeared in a few hours, and another came in view to the southward. The Comet is now in the constellation Boötes, or Menal Quadrant of La Lande, (apparently without a tail,) and surrounded by a very transparent atmosphere. The coruscations are continually varying, from dimness and obscurity to brilliancy and light.

#### Phases of the Moon.

● Full Moon .....	7 <sup>d</sup> 15 <sup>h</sup> 55 <sup>m</sup>
○ Last Quarter .....	15 4 25
● New Moon .....	21 20 2
○ First Quarter .....	29 6 2

Oct. 13, Mercury rises E .....	17 <sup>h</sup> 0 <sup>m</sup>
— culminates .....	22 59
— 19, ♀ rises E ½ S .....	16 57
— culminates .....	22 56

Mercury is in the constellation Virgo throughout the month; will be in inf. ☿ 2d 12h 45m., and at greatest elongation 19th d. when an opportunity will be afforded for making observations. At 17h 45m, he will appear nearly in ☿ γ of Virgo, bearing E ½ S. about 7° above the horizon: the Moon ESE.

Oct. 1, Venus culminates .....	1 <sup>h</sup> 5 <sup>m</sup>
— sets W ½ S .....	6 20
— 25, ♀ culminates .....	1 33
— sets SW ½ W .....	5 52

Venus passes from Virgo into Libra, and will be ☿ 2 a 14d 22h, and ☿ with the Moon 23d 13h 28m.

Oct. 1, Mars culminates .....	3 <sup>h</sup> 40 <sup>m</sup>
— sets SW ½ W .....	7 44
— 25, ☿ culminates .....	3 32
— sets SW ½ W .....	7 16

Mars and Antares a Scorpio will be ☿ 3d.

Oct. 1, Jupiter rises NE ½ E .....	12 <sup>h</sup> 28 <sup>m</sup>
— culminates .....	20 12
— 25, ♀ rises .....	11 15
— culminates .....	18 55

Jupiter is in the constellation Cancer throughout the month. On the 16th day, at 12 hours, will be seen rising nearly in conjunction, and about 34° apart.

Oct. 1, Saturn rises NE ½ E .....	8 <sup>h</sup> 2 <sup>m</sup>
— culminates .....	15 52
— 25, ♀ rises .....	6 30
— culminates .....	14 20

Saturn still forms a conspicuous and beautiful object in the head of the Bull, near the eye or right eye, and affords a very favourable opportunity for viewing that wonderful phenomenon, his rings of light.

Oct. 1, Georgian culminates .....	6 <sup>h</sup> 20 <sup>m</sup>
— sets SW ½ W .....	10 12
— 21, ♀ culminates .....	5 7
— sets .....	9 0

The Georgian is still in the head of Sagittarius.

On the 7th day, at 10h, the most conspicuous stars upon the meridian will be Fomalhaut, α and β of Pegasus, and part of Cepheus; the Pointers at their lowest depression N.; the shoulders of Orion rising E ½ N.; the Twins, NE ½ N. just above the horizon. On the 23d, the stars upon the meridian will be α Andromeda, and γ Pegasus; Cassiopeia nearly in the zenith; the Twins NE ½ E ½ E.; Orion's belt rising E ½ S.; γ 8 Ursa Major at lowest depression N. The situation of Perseus offers a favourable opportunity for noticing the variation in Algol. This remarkable star changes continually from the 2d to the 4th magnitude. The time occupied, from its extreme lustre, is about 69 hours, but gradually diminishes in brightness for 4 hours, which it recovers in the succeeding 4 hours; preserving its greatest lustre through the remaining time, till its decrease again commences. The whole of Perseus is well worthy of minute observation.

#### FINE ARTS.

PROPOSALS have been issued for the publication of a Portrait of the late Wilson Lowry, the eminent engraver; and a man of as great worth as of high scientific attainments. It is from an original drawing, made in the year 1821, by J. Linnell, and to be engraved by him in the line manner, on a plate 10 inches by 8. From the universal esteem in which Mr. Lowry was held, we are sure that a thousand of his old friends will wish to preserve his memory by possessing themselves of this Portrait.

#### LITHOGRAPHS.

WE mentioned, a fortnight since, Mr. Hayter's drawings on stone of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and (in one print) of Boki (whose title is Governor of Waahoe, one of the Sandwiches,) and his wife Liliha, who accompanied their king to this country. The latter has since been published, and is one of the most artist-like and successful efforts of Lithography which has appeared in England—we mean no disparagement to the pictures of their late Majesties. But the dress of the islanders, preserved in the portraits of Boki and his wife, is picturesque and characteristic; there is a fine degree of freedom and execution in the style; and the design is altogether so striking, that we cannot help giving the preference to this exceedingly clever specimen of the Art. There is even a brilliancy and sparkling effect in the female head, which well merits to be called *fine art*, and both are put together with good taste. The three pieces are well adapted to preserve the remembrance of these remarkable strangers; whose visit to Great Britain, in spite of taunts and ridicule, forms one of the extraordinary signs of the times. Savages they might be called, and savages in a certain sense they were; but it was, nevertheless, a curious phenomenon to see Savages who had travelled over three fourths of the globe to acquire information from, or seek the protection of, the British nation. With such ideas as they must have, and such barbarous customs as they must cherish, they were obviously open to every kind of ludicrous observation; but when the laugh was over, there were many graver considerations connected with their presence, which would certainly press upon the minds of all persons of sense and reflection. We were therefore rejoiced to read in the newspapers, that previous to the departure of the survivors, our enlightened Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs paid them every degree of attention; and that even the King himself received and countenanced them. They have gone laden with gifts; and in spite of the unfortunate death of the poor King and Queen, we trust that future years will witness the beneficial results of this memorable occurrence. Even now it has been turned to the advantage of Science; for Lord Byron's ship is nobly equipped for a two years voyage of investigation and discovery, and practical and experienced persons (one, in particular, amply instructed and provided by the Horticultural Society) have been sent out for purposes of utility and general improvement.

The public are, in the meantime, much indebted to Mr. Hayter, not only for these very clever productions (viewed as works of Art,) but for preserving such lasting traits of our extraordinary visitors.



## SCOTTISH ARTISTS.

The Edinburgh Journals contain an account of the third Anniversary Dinner of the Scottish Artists, in Edinburgh, on Friday, last week. Mr. Alexander Nasmyth was in the Chair; and Mr. Wilkie one of the company. The King's health was drank not only as the greatest patron of the Fine Arts in Europe, but also as an accomplished judge of what was deserving of encouragement. In the course of the evening, Memory paid tribute to the talents of the late Sir Henry Raeburn,\* an honour to the Arts in Scotland, and to those of Mr. John Graham, another distinguished scion of the same national School.

\* An interesting Memoir of this gentleman has just been put into our hands. It is written by his friend and associate the venerable Dr. Andrew Duncan, in his 86th year; and dedicated to Gilbert Innes, of Stow, another of those individuals who, like fine remaining columns of ancient architecture, connect the ornaments of the past with those of the present time. This Memoir was read by its author, at the 43d Anniversary Meeting of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh, (of which he is President;) and contains, among others, the following interesting recollections:

"This Society have proposed every year since their institution, some question respecting the philosophy of the human body, as the subject of a Prize Dissertation, to be investigated by experiment; and almost every year has produced from ingenious Students experimental essays, doing honour both to the competitors themselves, and to the University of Edinburgh. The subject proposed for 1823 was an experimental inquiry for ascertaining the composition of the Bile, and the premium has been adjudged to an Essay written by Mr. Francis George Probert, from Lincolnshire, a student of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. To him I now deliver your Annual Premium, which, though of little intrinsic value, will, I trust, operate as a powerful incentive to future exertions.

"Another great object of this institution, as I have just observed, is to pay the tribute of respect to the meritorious dead. With that view, it is now my intention to read to you a short account of one of our own number, whom we have often had the happiness of meeting in this room as an Associate of the Harveian Society, but of whom it has lately been the will of Heaven to deprive us by his sincerely lamented death. When I add, that the subject of my present discourse is to be the late Sir Henry Raeburn, a Portrait Painter of the first eminence, I am persuaded that every one who now hears me has already, in his own mind, a perfect conviction, that I intend to pay the due tribute of esteem and gratitude to the memory of a man of real genius and of real worth."

"After finishing his grammar-school education, in place of aiming at a learned profession, he was, by his father's advice, persuaded to make choice of a mechanical employment, and was articled as an apprentice to an eminent goldsmith. It was in this situation that my first acquaintance with him commenced, and that, too, on a melancholy occasion. Mr. Charles Darwin, son of the justly celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of that much-esteemed Poem, *The Botanic Garden*, and of other works demonstrating great genius, died during the course of his medical studies at Edinburgh. At that time I had the honour, though a very young medical Lecturer, of ranking Darwin among the number of my pupils. And I need hardly add, that he was a favourite pupil: for, during his studies, he exhibited such uncommon proofs of genius and industry, as could not fail to gain the esteem and affection of every discerning teacher. Among other grounds of attachment, I had the happiness of putting into Charles Darwin's hands the first prize, given by this Society, for promoting experimental inquiry. That prize was awarded to him for an essay, establishing a criterion between purulent and mucous expectoration in pulmonary complaints, which afforded demonstrative evidence both of great industry and great genius.

"On the death of young Darwin, I was anxious to retain some slight token in remembrance of my highly esteemed young friend; and, for that purpose, I obtained a small portion of his hair. I applied to Mr. Gilliland, at that time an eminent jeweller in Edinburgh, to have it preserved in a mourning ring. He told me, that one of his present apprentices was a young man of great genius, and could prepare for me in hair, a memorial that would demonstrate both taste and art. Young Raeburn was immediately called, and proposed to execute, on a small trinket, which might be hung at a watch, a Muse weeping over an urn, marked with the initials of Charles Darwin. This trinket was finished by Raeburn in a manner which, to me, afforded manifest proof of very superior genius, and I still preserve it, as a memorial of the singular and early merit, both of Darwin and of Raeburn.

"From that period my intimacy with Raeburn had its commencement. For I derived no small gratification from cherishing the idea, that I might be able to lend my feeble, but willing aid, in fostering rising genius."

There are many other passages of delightful melancholy and pleasant gossipry, touching the circumstances of other days, and the men who have now sunk to everlasting rest, after enjoying life's social hours with such individuals as met at these Harveian and Artists' Anniversaries; but their local nature renders them more peculiarly fit for northern readers than for our general sphere of circulation. We may however quote some portions of the last Song written by the late Sir Alexander Boswell for the Harveian Circulation Club, which had sportively named him its Post Laureat. The names in italics are those of conspicuous members:

"What! bid a Man sing,  
In so dreadful a ring,  
Midst Priests, for the sacrifice seated;  
Eness, they tell,  
Promenaded to Hell,  
But his courage would here be defeated.

"In awe most profound,  
My eye wanders round,  
And phantoms rise glaring to Faney,  
Fear's mystical power  
Conjures up at this hour  
Sights would stun even stark Necromancy.

"If on Wood I but think,  
From deal-coffin I shrink;  
If on Bell, I hear a bell tolling;  
For nothing can save  
From that dead *Hone* the grave,

Tho' *Hope*, smiling *Hope*, sits cajoling.  
"If Murder and Death  
Chill our blood, in Macbeth,  
Talk of *Duncan*, we hear ravens croaking;  
Bat the *Duncan* that's here,  
Is th' assassin, I fear,  
Who kills us, remorseless, with joking.

"Old *Duncan*, they say,  
Can the merry fool play,  
When seated amidst honest fellows;  
Now Doctor of Mirth,  
To fresh jokes he'll give birth,  
And blow up the Fan with his Bellows.

"One *Barclay*, they quote,  
Who on Quakers wrote;  
But our friend's of another persuasion.  
The pleas'd Undertaker  
Says *John* is no Quaker,  
Tho' Patients, perhaps, have occasion. - - -

"The vile Small-Pox *Bryce*  
Can trim in a trice,  
And Cow him, with prompt Vaccination,  
The Whig taste he hit,  
For 'you'll scarce find a Pitt  
On the purified face of creation. - - -

"In the floccing art,  
He who first took the start,  
Nard *Paezus*, or rather *Apollo*,  
In his charioteer,  
Rides about all the day,  
An example which some Doctors follow.

"Not content with his skill,  
In the Bolus and Pill,  
He patronis'd idle Musicians;  
So the Fiddle and Flute,  
By prescription must suit  
With the practice of learned Physicians.

"Some doubt if the God  
Gave to Surgeons the nod,  
And smil'd on the knife and the plaster,  
But to truth I've a bias,  
He cut up *Marys*,  
And hand'd the knife like a master.

"By *Helicon*'s stream,  
If the Poets could dream,  
'Twas *Wine* and not *Water* was flowing;  
And a fork'd *Hill* we know,  
The God chose, just to show,  
That a fork with the knife should be going.

"Like *Leeches* you bleed,  
And like locusts you feed,  
Ah! pardon a Poet's presumption,  
But *Oman* dismay'd,  
O'er his joints quite decayed,  
Cries,—See what a rapid Consumption.

"Since you smile, then a fig  
For each ominous Wig,  
And adieu to absurd trepidation;  
Let the *Wine*, if his good,  
Take the course of our blood,  
And flow round in blith Circulation."

We do not know a more gratifying subject for contemplation than contented and cheerful old age,—dallying like the wisest of ancient philosophers with the memories of their youth, and calmly awaiting the end of all. *Procul!—Ed.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONNET.

The Sun, slow sinking in the crimson'd west,  
Mid clouds of purple, ting'd with burning gold,  
Flings his deep red beams o'er the time-worn  
crest  
Of Eltham's ruin'd hall,—where erst of old  
Victorious EDWARD bow'd to captive France,  
And doff'd the warrior plume, and bent the  
knee  
That never bent in field to foeman's lance.  
And here the pride of England's chivalry,  
And fairest dames of royal EDWARD's Court,  
With many a galliard, grac'd these princely halls,  
Whose echoes rang with joy and minstrel sport:  
The owl is now sole tenant of its walls.  
Silent and lonely is the hall of kings,  
And where their banners wav'd, the ivy clings.

H. K.

[The interesting remains of Eltham Palace are situated in the village of that name in Kent, about 8 miles from London. It was here that Edward the Black Prince waited on John, King of France, then his prisoner, during an entertainment given by the King of England to the royal captive.]

## THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE.

I love to gaze, at the midnight hour,  
On the heavens, where all is shining;  
I feel as if some enchanting pow'r  
Around my heart were entwining:  
To see the moon, like a beacon fair,  
When the clouds sail swiftly by;  
And the stars, like watch-lights in the air,  
Illumine the Northern sky.

Ah! then I think on my boyhood's day,  
When hope was brightly glowing,  
And all my prospects were fair and gay,  
And the tide of success was flowing—  
I lov'd to look at the silvery light  
Of the sparkling gem at the Pole;  
And view the others, so fair and bright,  
That round it continually roll.

I lov'd to picture each well known sign,  
Where planets their courses urge,  
And watch to see them more brightly shine,  
Arrived at their topmost verge;  
But I trusted the ocean, and wander'd afar,  
Where other stars sweetly shine,  
And quitted the isle of the Northern star  
For the land of the cedar and pine.

Yes—after the toils of the desperate fight,  
I've watch'd (by the cannon's mouth)  
The varying forms of the dial of night,  
The beautiful Cross of the South;  
And I thought of how many lay dead on the plain,  
Who saw it the night before—  
Whose eyes would never behold it again,  
Or gaze on their own home shore.

Then I thought on the fate of the coming day  
When the burning troops would engage:  
How many brave spirits would pass away  
Mid slaughter and maddening rage:  
The morning came, and its early blush  
Stream'd on the field of gore;  
The bugles sound, to the charge we rush,  
While the cannon destructive roar!

"Hark! hark! to the shout and the deathful  
Clang of the ringing steel,  
The bitter groan when the heart-strings break,  
The muskets' murdering peal;  
And see, where the glittering bayonets meet,  
Our banners are waving free—  
On! on! brave lads, for our foes retreat—  
Press forward to Victory!"

And thus is the vision of glory's dream  
Emblazon'd with blood and flame,  
And wounds and death are the warrior's theme,  
And this is his boasted fame:  
Yet I followed the phantom far and near,  
Where the billows are one white foam;  
And still in pursuit, for many a year,  
Through the world I continued to roam—

Till I prov'd man's ambition was false and vain,  
And his fame like a cloud in the air;  
Then I sought the home of my father again,  
To rest from my labour and care.  
But, ah! how chang'd was each form and mien—  
The smile of affection was flown;  
And dark and drear was each youthful scene  
Which memory prized as her own.

In vain I look'd for the cheering face  
Of friend I had known before—  
All formal and chill was their cold embrace,  
For fortune denied me her store:  
And many had quitted this vale of tears,  
O'erwhelm'd by affliction's wave,  
And, now alike both their hopes and fears,  
Were laid at rest in the grave.

Then cheerless and griev'd, from the world I  
To the village and rural cot; [withdrew,  
But here, where the days of my childhood flew,  
There were strangers who knew me not.  
In the regions of death, and there alone,  
I now claim a kindred part;  
And seated at eve on the cold grave-stone,  
Commune with my own sad heart.

Yet still I gaze, at the midnight hour,  
On the heavens, where all is shining;  
And feel as it some enchanting pow'r  
Around my soul was entwining:  
And still those stars, with their sparkling light,  
Will shine on the wild-flow'r's bloom—  
Whose eyes, surcharg'd with the tears of night,  
Shall weep on my turf-raised tomb.

AN O. S. R.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## LOUIS XVIII. AND CHARLES X.

THE French physicians predicted as far back as May last, that if the weather was hot, the King could not get over the summer. His legs had long been a mass of corruption; but in June, instead of acute, the pains became chronic, and he was in a state of continual lethargy. To give the appearance of his being much better in health than he was, he was prevailed on to take his drives as usual; but though he travelled over the pavement at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour, the shaking had no effect on his lethargy, and it was very rarely that he uttered a syllable from leaving the chateau to returning to it. At intervals the sense of pain roused his dormant faculties, and he was capable of transacting business for a few minutes; but so impatient of contradiction was he, that he dismissed, without ceremony, even those to whom he had been longest attached,—the companions of his exile and his friends in adversity. Of this number were the Dukes de Blacas and La Chatre,—the former, for having presumed to offer an opinion differing from that of his Majesty on a very trifling point, was dismissed from service, and, to gild the pill of disgrace, appointed Ambassador to Naples; the latter, presuming on the very long intimacy, the affectionate attachment that had always subsisted between them, and the long and valuable services he had rendered his Majesty, conjured the King to abandon the project of the lowering the rate of interest of the public funds, as contrary to public opinion. The King made no answer; but on the Duke going next morning to attend as First Gentleman of the Chamber, the Usher in waiting would not let him pass, and told him that his Majesty had no farther occasion for his services. The poor old Duke was thunderstruck; he retired to Mendon to pour out his sorrows in the bosom of his old friend the Duke de Castries; but the shock was too great for the consolations of friend-

ship to heal the wound: as he was eating an egg at breakfast he fell down in an apoplectic fit, lingered a few days, and expired. On the King being told of it, he merely said, "He was a good man and a faithful servant."

The King treated M. de Châteaubriand in the same manner, and on the same account. At nine o'clock on Sunday morning the minister was totally unacquainted with his fate; at eleven, on going to the Chateau, he was stopped, and told he would find, on returning home, the reason why he was not admitted.

These acts, so totally at variance with all our ideas of the forms of polished life, and especially of a Court which sacrifices more to exterior forms than any other, are only to be attributed to the extreme irritation occasioned by a state of continual bodily suffering.

About this time caries of the spine spread itself. The King was now obliged to be strapped in his chair; and it was evident that he could not suffer much longer. As the malcontents had long calculated on the Royal demise for an insurrection, it was thought advisable to take every means of concealing the state of his Majesty's health; and for this purpose the censorship of the journals was revived, so that no intelligence of the kind could reach the Provinces. And as his decease was shortly anticipated, the genius of M. de Villele suggested the idea of making the principal changes necessarily consequent on a new reign, during the old one; so that when Charles x. came to the throne, there could be no discontents from dismissing one set of men to make place for others, and those in office would be grateful at keeping their places; while all the odium, if any, of the changes would rest with the old King, who had made them: hence the very numerous changes in the Council of State, the Prefects, &c. &c. &c. This was a deep stroke of policy in M. de Villele, which, it is believed, has secured him the entire confidence of Charles x.

The King's health gradually declined, yet it was thought good policy to produce him as usual on State occasions, so that neither the regular receptions of his own Court nor of the foreign ministers were ever suspended. He even held his regular levee on the 7th instant for the reception of the diplomatic corps. Although he was then in a dying state, he was strapped in his wheel chair to prevent his falling forward, his head sunk entirely on his breast, and his chin concealed in the blue riband of the Order of the Holy Ghost; his hat, fringed with white feathers, lying on his lap, and his hand upon it. For a few minutes he appeared to be asleep; at length he gave tokens of existence, and the Baron Lalive, conductor of the Ambassadors, named them according to the order in which they stood in the circle, and each advanced to salute his Majesty. At two or three of the first names the King muttered something, but unintelligibly; he then relapsed into the lethargic state, and the Ambassadors withdrew. At this levee the Count D'Artois appeared in perfect health, vigorous and active, as if he were not above forty or fifty years of age.

It was now evident that the King could not survive many days; his florid complexion appeared to be owing to art, and the decay of nature seemed approaching the last crisis; the suppuration of the wounds became suspended; the animation of the lower extremities was gone; and the spark of life was only prolonged by a surgical operation to which he was very unwilling to submit.

His Majesty's attachments were few; and out of sight out of mind was rather a part of his character. M. de Cazes was a long time his favourite; he used to call him his Son; he could not pass a day without seeing him: but when the Duke de Berry was murdered, and De Cazes's enemies attributed it to the Ministers favouring the Libéraux too much, preposterous as the charge was, the King, on finding a loud outcry against his favourite, abandoned him. M. de Villele seemed latterly to possess his unbounded confidence; and on the marriage of the Minister's daughter, the King presented the bride with one hundred thousand francs. It is stated that, on his deathbed, he refused to see the children of the Duchess de Berry; it is known that the King was not fond of them, and this is attributed to circumstances almost too ridiculous to be related. On St. Louis's Day, in 1822, when the children were brought to him, he asked the little Princess to sit on his lap; she refused: on being asked by the Duchess (her mother) why she would not sit on the King's lap, she said she did not like it, because the King smelled. The other anecdote is equally frivolous as a motive of dislike: the King asked the little Duke of Bordeaux, a few months since, if he would like to be a king? "No, Sir," was the reply.—"Why, my child, would you not like to be a king?"—"Because I like to run about." The boy fancying, from the only specimen he saw, that the inability to walk was one of the attributes of royalty.

The character of his Majesty will, of course, be variously drawn—it may be summed up in a few words: He was neither cruel nor ambitious; all he wanted was peace and tranquillity; his long and painful state of suffering prevented his paying the attention to business that was requisite: equally inconstant in his likes and dislikes, he evidently possessed few or none of those higher affections which identify souls with each other; and it might be said of him as Goldsmith said of Garrick—

He threw off his friends as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.

Charles x. on succeeding to the Throne, has promised to observe the charter and the institutions of the State as his brother had done. This, certainly, is not promising much, for many and frequent were the infractions of the charter by Louis xviii. Indeed the charter, got up in a hurry, betrays all the haste and incompleteness of its origin: as an organic constitution, it is extremely imperfect; the *lacunes* are numerous, and those attempted to be filled up have not been so in the most desirable manner. This is not to be attributed entirely to the want of liberality in Louis xviii. but to the ceaseless efforts of the Buonapartists and Republicans to sow dissensions, inspire distrust, create disturbances, and foment conspiracies. These were at length carried to such a height, that a general conspiracy to overturn the Government was organized throughout the kingdom; almost every regiment was corrupted: the conspiracies were detected on several points, but, notwithstanding they failed at Paris, at Befort, at Colmar, at Poitiers, and Rochfort, the spirit of the conspirators was unbroken when the insurrection in Spain broke out. As it had been found impossible to collect a considerable body of rebels on any single point in France, it was resolved to effect it in Spain, and thither all the discontented and revolutionary flocked from France, Belgium, Eng-



land, and America: General Lefevre Desnouettes and General Lallemand came from America with this object; the former was drowned off the coast of Ireland, but Lallemand sailed from England to Spain, where Colonel Fabrier had organized a body of French refugees; Sir Robert Wilson and his Aide-de-Camp went to Spain to join them, and proclaimed himself the precursor of "ten thousand English, who would soon join them, to put down all tyranny and tyrants." The total failure of all attempts of the refugees to make a landing in France, or corrupt the invading French army, gave the death-blow to the hopes of the conspirators; and the result of the Spanish war destroyed entirely their sanguine expectations of effecting a revolution in France at the moment, or organizing it against the death of the King. But it was this well known threat and intention which induced M. de Villele and M. de Corbiere to take every precaution, when they found the King hastening to his final dissolution; hence the censorship, and the numerous changes of Prefects, Sub-prefects, Mayors, &c. through all the departments. We, who know France, firmly believe the precaution unnecessary: yet it was probably as well to convince the disaffected that every thing was foreseen.

From the conduct of the Count d'Artois, it was supposed he was strongly inclined to ultra-royalist principles and absolute power. This arose from the necessity which heirs apparent generally feel of forming a party, which must necessarily differ in political principle from that of the Court, or it would cease to be one. Now there were only two extremes to choose from, the liberals, or what is called the pure royalists. That the Count d'Artois should not prefer the party of the revolution, can be easily imagined; therefore he had no alternative but taking the other course, which was more consonant with his principles, his habits, and the position in which he was placed. But this may be said for the Count d'Artois, that he always disapproved of the excesses of his own party, and if he pardoned them, it was from a noble feeling—that of never forgetting the services of an old friend, and which induced him to forgive slight or temporary errors. In this point Charles x. differs widely from Louis xviii.: his affections are strong, and constant as they are strong; he will make few political changes, save to recompense the zeal, fidelity, and constant friendship of the companions of his exile; and that he is no friend to absolute power, will be evident from the suppression of the censorship, which will be taken off almost immediately. His mind is not so cultivated by study as that of the late King; but whatever superiority Louis xviii. had over him in that respect, it was more than counterbalanced by that habitual suffering, which paralysed the understanding and affected the judgment.

The King is healthy; he is in the full possession of all his faculties; he can see with his own eyes, and judge for himself; and there is little doubt of France being happy and prosperous during his reign, for the rising spirit of rebellion is put down, and its elements dispersed.\*

\* We give this interesting account as we have received it, knowing the ample means our Correspondent possesses of obtaining the best information, where he is not a personal observer. Where we might differ from him in opinion, we have refrained from urging our views, because we do not feel that we enjoy such good grounds whereon to form a judgment.—Ed.

#### MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

THE author of many works on Political Economy, Parliamentary Reform, Agricultural Improvements, &c. died on Thursday afternoon, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was at the taking of Cherburgh, and shared in Hawkes' victory, as a young sailor, in 1759.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

##### The Barge's Crew.

"Row the boat merrily—merrily, oh!"

SECOND-HIM heart-him! Why, aye, Mr. Editor, I sees you understand the larned lingoes; though, for the matter o' that, there was a whole cargo of crinkum-crankums in the same *Gazette*: you call it Greek, and mayhap its all ship-shape; for I don't know much about talking short-hand, only it looks comical to me how people can get such crooked letters into their mouth. But sailors know a little about languages too. Why, I remembers Jem Scupperplug, when he was carpenter's mate of a man-of-war brig on the coast of Brazil, and they sprung their main-yard. Well, d'yee see, they anchored at a small town, and the Captain enquired if there was any body that could palaver Portuguese; and so Jem offers his services, and the Captain took him ashore to the mast-maker of the place. "Ho! Seigneur!" says Jem, "You must humble-cum-stumble we want a roundem-come-squarem to make a main-yardo for de English brigo, d'yee hear?"—"No *entendez*, Seigneur," (replied the Portuguese,) "no *entendez*."—"What does he say, Jem?" (axed the Skipper)—"Says, Sir! why, he says he can't make it these *ten days*."—"Does he? Well, then, come along, come along; we must go to sea as we are, and fish it aboard."—"But you'll say, what has all this to do with the Barge's Crew; steer a straight course, and don't yaw about to every point of the compass, like a Dutchman. All in good time, Mr. Editor, don't get in a passion, I'm only trying my trim; for, of all my consarns, I loved the Barge the best, particularly when I pulled the stroke-oar, and Nelson's flag was flying in the bows, though he didn't live to carry it without the balls: I was with him that ere time up the Mediterranean, when poor Carracioli was executed through the cruelty and intrigues of Lady ———. That's a distressing story, and some day, when I'm in the mood, I'll tell you all about it; for I never shall forget seeing the old man, with his grey locks flowing over his shoulders, as he hung at the fore-yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate."—"It is an awful spectacle, (whispered Ned Kentledge, as he bent down to his oar;) and I never believed before that woman's heart could exult in such a scene."—"Poor Ned was a worthy fellow, he had the next thwart to me; and Sam Spritsail was alongside of him, for we pulled double-banked. Ned was shipmate with Jack G—, that was afterward first lieutenant of the C— frigate; indeed, Ned taught him his duty from first to last, when he warnt much higher than a pint pot—shewed him how to hand, reef, and steer—sweep, swab, and swear—coil away a cable, or clear hawse, with any hand aboard; and Ned was as good a seaman as ever raised a mouse upon a stay, or siezed a breeching to a ring-bolt. Well, Jack was a smart fellow, and so he got promoted to the quarter-deck; and after a time the Captain got a luff-tackle to bear, and bowed out a commission for him; but he never forgot his old station, his pro-

motion didn't spoil him, and he always remembered former messmates. When he got to be first lieutenant of the C—, she was a long time in Ingee; but at last they found her in such a rattle-trap state, that she was ordered to take convoy to England; and so she gather'd 'em together at Ceylon, and proceeded to St. Helena; but the storms off the Cape shook her ould timbers, that when they reached the island every body thought she would have gone down; however, they frapped her together with hawsers, and at last reached Plymouth. Well, a morning or two, after their arrival, an ould Bum-boat woman comes paddling along-side, puffing and blowing like a grampus off Cape Horn. She was a short balky body, though for the matter o' that she was as round as a tun butt. Alongside she comes, and hails the sentry at the gangway: "Keep off!" (cried the Marine, and then turning to the quarter-master,)—"Zounds! look there, did you ever see such a corporal substance?"—"Aye, aye, (rejoined the veteran,) 'tis a whale adrift in a butter-boat."—"Again the old girl hailed, "Is my Jack aboard?"—"Your Jack, (replied the Sentry, who the botheration's your Jack?—we are all Jacks here."—"No, you arnt, (says she,) for you're a pike; and so please to answer the question I axed you, or else my Jack 'll let you know who's who."—"Here, master at arms, (he-chuckle-ated the royal,) here's a customer for you, she's too sharp for me."—"What do you want, old do-man, (enquired the latter;) do you want any one in this ship?"—"Yes, I wants my Jack, so you let him know I'm here."—"The Captain and nearly the whole of the officers were walking the quarter-deck, when the first Lieutenant, hearing a confusion at the gangway, came forward to see what the bobbery was. "What's this noise, here, Sentry; who's that alongside?"—"I don't know, Sir; its some old girl says she wants her Jack."—"The Lieutenant looked over into the boat; but no sooner had he cotched sight of the little punchy dame, than the man-ropes slid through his hand, and down he jumped into the cockle-shell—"What, my mother, is it you? (cried he,) I can hardly believe my eyes; they told me you were all dead; this is indeed a welcome surprise; but come along, old lady, mount-a-reevee!"—and he helped her up the side with the utmost care and attention. As soon as they had reached the deck, she threw her arms round the Lieutenant's neck, and sobbed with joy. Then she gazed at him with a mother's pride, and again folded him to her heart—"Oh! my Jack, my Jack; now you glad my ould heart, and I shall follow your poor father to the grave in peace." The Captain, Officers, and men, stared with astonishment to see the round little personage in her striped cotton jacket, short thick petticoats, and high heeled shoes, hugging their first Lieutenant (dressed in full uniform) round the neck; and many began to laugh, but the working of nature cannot be suppressed; the Lieutenant felt it no disgrace to be born of honest, though poor parents; and the rich feeling of filial love flowed without restraint. That moment was perhaps one of the happiest of his life. He thought only of his mother, and repaid her caresses with interest. The scene was truly affecting. The rising laugh was entirely subdued, and many a furrowed cheek was moistened by a tear. It taught a useful lesson to the young officers, who witnessed the affectionate emotion of the parent and the dutiful conduct of the son. Peace be to their me-

mony. The diamond will sparkle, however roughly set; and if to snatch from oblivion one example worthy of imitation be meritorious—but there, 'tis only my duty, and I am much skilled in simper-thetics. The Lieutenant was worthy of his teacher, for never was there a nobler soul than Ned's. He was a great favourite with Nelson (and died in the Victory on the self-same day,) though the hero was more attached to Sykes than any of us, and mayhap he deserved it. Now for Sam Spritsail: Poor Sam was a light hearted easy-going blade, never without a smile—indeed, they said he was born laughing. Blow high, blow low, 'twas all the same to him; but he didn't stop long in the ship; he was picked out for the long-shore party that was to go bush-fighting with the French. Well, d'ye see, one of the officers of the C— not knowing the cut of his jib, and being unaccustomed to see a man always happy under every privation, took it into his head one day that Sam was ridiculing him, and so he ordered the Boatwain's-mate to give him a starting with a rope's end. This almost broke his heart. 'Twas the first blow he had ever received in a Man-of-war; and the deep indignity so preyed upon his mind, as almost to stupefy him. A day or two afterwards the party received orders to storm a fort near Capua, and Sam prepared to do his duty; but there was a listless indifference in his manner, that ill accorded with his former spirit. They advanced to the attack, and a very smart scrummaging took place; but a fresh body of troops poured in, and the boarding party were compelled to retreat. The Lieutenant (the same as had ordered the punishment) behaved most gallantly, and kept in the wake of his men, while they were retreating. On turning an angle of the battery, the enemy opened upon 'em with a long 24-pounder that did very great execution, and Mr. — at the second fire, fell. Sam, in an instant, hove all aback. He saw the officer fall—his daring intrepidity returned—and he rounded to, to pick him up. He did not know who it was at first; but when he looked on his face, resentment for a moment deadened the feelings of generosity and humanity, so that he returned several paces after his shipmates. The French were close upon them. In a few minutes the wounded man would have been in their power. Again Sam looked round, rushed back to the spot, and, stooping to raise the Lieutenant from the ground, received a mortal wound in the chest, and fell upon him. The last effort of struggling nature roused him up; he sprang upon his feet, lifted the officer in his arms, and ran towards his companions, who faced instantly about, resolved either to succour him or perish. He reached their centre, gently laid his burthen down, faintly uttered "I have done my duty!" and expired. The whole detachment paused for an instant, then came to the charge, drove back their pursuers, and in another half hour the British union waved on the ramparts of the fort. Where could there be a death more glorious? I say, Mr. Editor, his memorial shall live in your columns; and if it should meet the eye of any who were present on that day, they will shed a tear of grateful remembrance, and glory in poor Sam. After he left us, his birth was filled up by Jack Junk, a sly old codger, with a comical nose, a half squint with one eye and a whole squint with the other, so that he could see half a dozen ways at once. He was a famous hand to look out for a fleet, and none could

beat him at making signals;—why he could use two spy-glasses at once. Jack had been shipmate along with Billy C—, him as played Lord H— the trick with the goose,—and that wasn't the only one. At the short peace, Billy (who always messed with the Admiral when at home) axed leave of absence from the house to go and visit some of his family relations that lived down to the northward. Now Lord H—'s moorings was very near Portsmouth; so the old gemman, in the goodness of his heart, granted his request, and gave him a liberty ticket for 50l., and a fine clean-going, neat-rigged bay horse to carry him. Away posts Billy for London, intending to stop only one night, and then haul his wind for Yorkshire; but somehow or other he fell asleep and forgot it, for not a step did he start from London while a guinea was left. He made all sneer again as long as it lasted, and then away went the bay horse (shoved up the spout, as they call it), and Billy carried on the war like a Trojan. But his time and his cash nearly expired together; so he takes his place outside the Portsmouth coach, and leaves bay horse to pay damages. Well, just as they got to Post-down hill he 'lighted, and seeing a grey beast at pasture in a field, he gets a piece of two-inch rope, whips it over the neck, and rode home to his Lordship's stables. "Well, Mr. C—, I hope you found all your friends hearty, eh?"—"Quite so, my Lord, quite so."—"And how's the bay horse? I hope you have behaved well to him?"—"Yes, my Lord, he's the first of his family that ever fared so well; but there's a wonderful fun-nony-me happened to him. Would you believe it, my Lord, that he took fright at a bunch of turnips that was flung over a hedge, and after running over a chimney-sweep, turned as grey as a badger?"—"Wonderful! (cried his Lordship); I must see him immediately;" and off they set for the stables. "Well, I declare this is astonishing, Mr. C—! The creature is indeed grey; but (said his Lordship, adjusting his spectacles)—but there is something more surprising yet, Mr. C—; why such a thing was never heard of before! I protest, as I am a living man, the fright has been so great, that it has turned the bay horse into a grey mare!" AN OLD SAILOR.

#### DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET.

On Saturday, the Comedy of *The Country Girl* was revived at this Theatre, for the purpose of introducing a young lady to us in the part of Peggy. In attending a representation of this Play, we cannot but be forcibly struck by the alteration that has taken place in our manners and customs since it first met the public eye. We have beaux in cocked hats and swords by their sides, walking at high noon in St. James's Park; their mistresses, full dressed, at that early hour meeting them without shame or disguise; and marriages contracted in private houses without either "special licences" or the fear of ecclesiastical censures. Whether we, of the present day, in changing all these matters, have altered them for the better, may be a subject of dispute. Of one thing, however, we can have little doubt, and this is, that, at all events, society in these times is free from the grossness of language and licentiousness of discourse which characterised our ancestors; and so far we may, with justice, congratulate ourselves upon a salutary change. The per-

formance of Saturday, subject to the disadvantages included in our enumeration above, was upon the whole tolerably entertaining. The lady, whose name we have not learnt, appears to possess many qualifications for the profession she has chosen. Her figure is small, but well formed, her eyes expressive, and she has a considerable flow of animal spirits: she conceives the part, generally speaking, justly; and in many of the scenes she displayed powers which require only a little cultivation and encouragement to render them of consequence. We would, however, caution her against the ill-judged partiality of her friends. On this occasion, they were a little too boisterous in their applause. She has still much to learn: excellence in this, as in every other art, cannot be acquired in a day, and an actress must labour hard, and work incessantly, ere she can hope to reach the highest rank in her profession. Hitherto we augur favourably of her; but we must see her in some other character before we can give any very decided opinion as to the extent of her abilities. Of the rest of the performers, if we except Williams and Cooper, the former of whom was highly respectable in Moody, and the latter something more than respectable in Harcourt, we cannot speak with praise. Vining, who is often entertaining in light parts, was quite out of his element in Spanish; he wanted the vivacity and careless fashion of the idle fop, without which it is nothing: his drunken scene in the last act was execrable; and his dress altogether the most unaccountable compound we have ever seen—a quaker's suit trimmed with silver, and his legs adorned with lead-coloured stockings. Mr. Johnson's Belville was still worse; we can compare him to nothing in human nature but a "gentleman's gentleman" in his master's clothes: "one look at him, (as Harcourt says to Moody) is quite enough." There was much applause throughout the performance, and the Play was announced for repetition with the full approbation of the audience.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

The adventures of *The Bashful Man*, which have exercised the fancy of more than one writer, been read by many, and believed by none, were represented at this Theatre on Monday evening. The history of this antediluvian gentleman is probably quite familiar to our readers; but as the dramatist may in some instances have deviated from the ancient copies, we shall proceed to give an exact version of that which is now performing at the English Opera. Mr. Blushington, a young man of humble origin, becomes accidentally possessed of an independent fortune. To fit him for spending it like a gentleman, he goes to college, but never having been accustomed to good society, he joins but little in the frolics of his fellow students, and gradually acquires a diffidence which he cannot conquer. After passing through the usual academic course, he retires to his mansion in the country, where he shuts himself out from the world, and is determined never to look mankind in the face again. His neighbour, Sir Thomas Friendly, who has a daughter to provide for, hearing a good account of his fortune, invites him to his house; and here the young gentleman, in the utmost confusion, commits all sorts of offences. He addresses the Butler instead of the Baronet, throws over the salt-cellar, upsets his soup-plate at dinner, helps himself to vinegar instead of wine, and



finally rushes out of the house in a state almost bordering upon despair. This, it appears, affords great amusement to the friendly family, as the next thing they do is to invite themselves to dine with him at his own house. Here, pretty nearly the same scene takes place; but the result is somewhat different, for the Champagne having passed about rather freely, our hero suddenly acquires confidence. With surprising courage, he looks his mistress for the first time in the face—is struck with her charms—tells us plainly that a kind heart and a pretty pair of eyes have cured him of his modesty, and finishes the piece with as much confidence as the rest of the 'dramatis personæ.' From this account, it will easily be perceived that the jokes of this Drama are principally of the practical description. Broken dishes, inked pocket handkerchiefs, and pantaloons covered with gravy soup, tell admirably, and excite thunders of applause; whilst the wretched puns and quibbles with which the dialogue is plentifully strewn, only serve to fill up time, and are thrown completely into the back ground. To Mr. Mathews's popularity and the versatility of his talents, the author is greatly indebted. This gentleman's personation of the hero of the piece must be reckoned amongst his most successful efforts: some of the situations in which he is placed are highly entertaining, and he does not fail to make the most of them. The dinner scene, which concludes the first act, is irresistibly laughable. He has also two good scenes in the second act—the one in which he declares his passion for his mistress, and the other, in which he exhibits the alteration produced in him by drunkenness; both of which he plays admirably and with great originality. Miss Povey, and Broadhurst, in Brother and Sister, have a pretty duet: but the song which is given to Mathews had better be omitted. Brazen-nose College and Catherine Hall, we would remind the writer of it, are not in the same University; nor do tutors visit undergraduates to see what they are reading: nor, in fact, is he at all acquainted with that which he is attempting to describe. The rest of the characters were well sustained, and the whole passed off with éclat.

#### POLITICS.

THE succession of Charles X. to the throne of the Bourbons has been as quiet a transition as in the most legitimate times. Funeral ceremonies and accession addresses entirely occupy Paris, France.—Greece, and South America still fill the newspapers with their unauthentic rumours.

#### VARIETIES.

M. Sage, one of the Members of the French "Institut," aged 84, died last week. He may be said to have naturalized mineralogy in France, and was the Founder of the first School of Mines.

M. Lacretelle.—The funeral of M. Lacretelle, sen. member of the French Academy, took place last week, at the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette. A deputation from the Academy, many of its members, and a great number of the friends of the deceased, were present. After the ceremony, his remains were conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. M. le Comte Bigot de Préameneu pronounced M. Lacretelle's eulogy. He enumerated his claims to public esteem, and expressed with feeling, the regret of the Academy at their loss. M. de

Jouy followed, and, in an agitated voice, sketched M. Lacretelle's life and literary labours. He dwelt especially upon the consideration and friendship which had been entertained for the deceased by the illustrious Malesherbes. In conclusion, M. Jouy repeated the words which his colleague and friend for above twenty years addressed to him the day before his death—"I have written, (said he) a few pages that will survive me; that is my claim to the esteem of my fellow citizens: I have done some good; there is my hope for the future."

Goethe.—M. Flatters' bust of the celebrated Goethe has been finished at Paris, and is about to be exhibited. With such a name, we do not wonder at this sculptor's being much employed.

Steam Engines.—Four corn-mills wrought by a steam engine, have just been established near Neuilly, on the banks of the Seine: they are said to form a good landscape object, and the machinery to be the most perfect hitherto manufactured in France.

Mechanics.—A Company, we observe from the newspapers, is projected with a subscribed capital of 200,000*l.* to apply Mr. Browne's Gas Engine (described in the Literary Gazette, Nos. 394, 395.) to the propulsion of wheel carriages. Their first proof of success is to be the driving of a coach from London to York and back again, at the rate of ten miles an hour!

Criticism.—A French critic on the Exhibition in the Louvre, after animadverting with great taste and ability on the School of David, and its proneness to make anatomy the *all in all* of painting, to the exclusion of expression and other higher qualities, sums up tierce and finely in the Journal de Paris, "L'Ecole de David ne peut peindre que les corps; elle est décidément inhabile à peindre les âmes."

Longevity.—There is living at Paris, a person of the name of Pierre Huet, said to be near one hundred and twenty years old; and in the Commune of Estadens, (Haut-Garonne,) there lately died Etienne Baqué (called *le Santeto*), a gatherer of simples, and held in esteem, almost as a saint, by the populace. He is stated to have been born in 1700, and had consequently reached the extraordinary age of 124.

A New York Paper states, that a Tragedy entitled *The Death of Christophe*, and written by a Negress of sixteen, has been ordered to be performed in all the Haytian national theatres, by order of the President Boyer!

Party Spirit.—Party spirit is so high in Edinburgh (an Edinburghian was lately telling in London,) that Whigs and Tories are not invited to meet at the same tables! "We are still worse in London, (observed one of the company,) for we give dinners for the sake of making parties, and include persons of every way of thinking."

French Quacks.—The tribunal of correctional police, in Paris, has sentenced a Doctor Guillié to a fine of five hundred francs, for having violated the law by fabricating a medicine announced under the name of *Elisir anti-glaireux*; and has sentenced an apothecary of the name of Oulès to a fine of a hundred francs, for having sold this medicine without a licence. It appeared from the evidence of the witnesses, in the course of the proceedings, that the medicine operated with much violence, and that one person who took it in the morning, died at night.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. George Downes, author of *Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein*, has nearly ready for publication *Dublin University Prize Poems*, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c.

There is a good deal of talk of late among the literati of the quarter of St. Germain, on the subject of two new works, now in the press, from the pen of an ancient Officer of Dragons, who is already favourably known by his *Voyage to Louisiana*. One of those works is a Polyglote Glossary, by means of which a person may make himself understood in eighteen different languages, without ever having learned either of them. The other is an Universal Arctography, for the use of persons in all situations of life, affording easy means of information on every possible subject. Further notice will shortly be taken of these novel productions.—*Paris Private Letter.*

M. Arndt, the Danish Traveller.—(Rome, Aug. 25.)—We have read in various German and French Journals, copied from the *Literary Gazette* of London, that some apprehensions were entertained of the loss of the memoirs, books, and manuscripts, of the celebrated Danish traveller, Martin Frederick Arndt, who died a year ago in the village of Arcoveggio, near Bologna. We are happy to be able to state positively, that all those valuable literary treasures, the fruits of the extensive travels of M. Arndt, have been saved, and sent to Denmark by the care of Chevalier Chiaveri, Consul General of his Majesty the King of Denmark in the Pontifical States.

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Buchanan's Memoirs of Painting, 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s.*—Forget me Not for 1835, 18mo. 12*s.*—Wagner's Illustrations of Novels by the Author of Werther, 3 vols. 12mo. 2*s.*—Illustrations to Wifian's Tasso, Part I. 8vo. 21*s.*—Field Divisions, by a Gentleman of Suffolk, new edit. 12mo. 5*s.*—Morgan's Emigrant's Guide to Canada, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Remarks on the intended Restoration of the Parthenon of Athens as the National Monument of Scotland, 8vo. 6*s.*—Reports on Friendly Societies, 8vo. 6*s.*—Nicholas's Tables, Calendars, &c. 8vo. 12*s.*—Hack on the Evidence of Christianity, 18mo. 3*s.*—Rev on The Donloux, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—De Lara's Key to the Spanish Language, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Kennedy's Key to Wanostrucht's Latin Grammar, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bound.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.....	from 41 to 69	30.16 — 30.17
Friday.....	61 — 73	30.13 — 30.09
Saturday.....	59 — 75	30.04 — 29.97
Sunday.....	55 — 69	29.88 — 29.84
Monday.....	53 — 69	29.80 — 29.79
Tuesday.....	45 — 69	29.70 — 29.63
Wednesday.....	43 — 67	29.54 — 30.00

Wind variable. Generally cloudy; the mornings of the 18th and 19th rather foggy. Heavy rain on the 20th; some on the 21st.—Rain fallen 4 of an inch.

Spots on the Sun.—The spots now discernible on the Sun are deserving of attention, as well for their magnitude as their position, one cluster being situated in high northern, and the other in south latitude. Though a constant observer of the solar spots for upwards of five years, I have never before seen spots so posited, nor have I ever read of a similar phenomenon. C. A.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* There being at present very few works published of sufficient importance to require detailed Reviews, we have pleasure in announcing to our readers that we shall next week commence—1*st*, a series of *Sketches of Living Literary Characters*; and 2*nd*, the first paper of *The Polar Expedition*; original extracts from the Journal of Mr. A. Fisher, the Surgeon, containing much interesting matter, unpublished by Captains Parry and Lyon, and a popular Zoological History of the Animals, Birds, and Fishes, met with in the voyages to the Northern Sea.

*Bob Logic* is not entirely to our taste; we thank him. Oscar's address would oblige us.

S. E. writes on an interesting topic; but the lines are not accurate enough for insertion.

The Unknown will find a letter at 303, Strand.

Walter may be assured that both his requests shall meet with scrupulous attention. Indeed they form part of our constant system.

Almost Hopeless need not be quite so, though the first attempt cannot succeed.

We wish our poetical Correspondents would try to recollect, that we greatly dislike rhyme in which the grammatical construction is not terminated with the line, but where nominatives are divorced from their verbs, and adjectives from their nouns, &c. &c. Many otherwise excellent contributions are rejected for this reason.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES OF THE EAR, 10, Dean-street.—Mr. CURTIS, Aurist to his Majesty, and to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Surgeon to this Institution, will commence his ANATOMICAL COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND PATHOLOGY OF THE EAR, and on the Medical Treatment of the DEAF AND DUMB, on Friday, October 15*th*. For particulars apply to Mr. Curtis, at his House, 30, Soho-square.—The Royal Dispensary is open to Patients.

